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THE
BANISHED MAN:

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores.

Jactatum, hac demum voluit consistere terra.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco.

VIRGIL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES
(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) IN THE STRAND.

1795.

BANISHED MAN:

A NOVEL

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH

IN FOUR VOLUMES



THE SECOND EDITION

The printer has printed this book in
Munich, and it is now for sale in
London.

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(SUCCESSORS TO MR. CADELL) IN THE STRAND.

1795

AVIS AU LECTEUR.

“**T**HERE was, an please your Honor,” said Corporal Trim ; “there was a certain king of Bohemia, who had seven castles.”

A modern Novelist, who, to write “in the immediate taste,” has so great a demand for these structures, cannot but regret, that not one of the seven castles was sketched by the light and forcible pencil of Sterne: for if it be true that books are made, as he asserts, only as apothecaries make medicines, how much might have been obtained from the king of Bohemia’s seven castles, towards the castles which frown in almost every modern novel!

For my part, who can now no longer build chateaux even en Espagne, I find

that Mowbray Castle, Grafsmere Abbey, the castle of Roche Mort, the castle of Hauteville, and Rayland Hall, have taken so many of my materials to construct, that I have hardly a watch tower, a Gothic arch, a cedar parlour, or a long gallery, an illuminated window, or a ruined chapel, left to help myself. Yet some of these are indispensably necessary; and I have already built and burnt down one of these venerable edifices in this work, yet must seek wherewithal to raise another.

But my ingenious cotemporaries have so fully possessed themselves of every bastion and buttress; of every tower and turret; of every gallery and gateway, together with all their furniture of ivy mantles, and mossy battlements; tapestry, and old pictures; owls, bats, and ravens; that I had some doubts whether, to avoid the charge of plagiarism, it would not have been better to have *earthed* my hero, and have sent him for adventures to the subterraneous town on the Chatelet mountain in Champagne, or even to Herculaneum, or Pompeii,

Pompeii, where I think no scenes have yet been laid ; and where I should have been in less danger of being *again* accused of borrowing, than I may, perhaps, be, while I only visit

“ The glympses of the moon.”

On giving the first volume, however, to a friend to peruse, and hinting at the difficulty I was sensible of in finding novelty for my dark drawings, he bade me remember the maxim so universally allowed,

“ Que rien n'est beau que le vrai ”

I asked him how it were possible to adhere to *le vrai*, in a work like this. But I believe I shall be better understood if I relate our conversation in the way of dialogue.

Friend. I do not mean to say that you can adhere to truth in a book which is avowedly a fiction; but as you have laid much of the scene in France, and at the distance of only a few months, I think you can be at no loss for *real* horrors, if a novel must abound in horrors: your imagination,

however fertile, can suggest nothing of individual calamity that has not there been exceeded. Keep, therefore, as nearly as you can, to circumstances you have heard related, or to such as might have occurred in a country where Murder stalks abroad, and calls itself Patriotism: where the establishment of liberty serves as a pretence for the violation of humanity; and I am persuaded, though there may be less of the miraculous in your work, though it may resemble less

A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grand dam,

SHAKESPEARE.

yet it will have the advantage of bearing such a resemblance to truth as may best become fiction; and that you will be in less danger of having it said, that

Fancy still cruises, when poor Sense is tir'd.

YOUNG.

But I have another remark to make on the book I have read. Give me leave to ask if you are going to make in it the experiment that has often been talked of,
 but

out has never * yet been hazarded ; Do you propose to make a novel without love in it?

Author. Certainly not.

Friend. Then I am really in greater pain for you ; for I am afraid you will again incur the charge of immorality, and intend to make your hero in love with Madame D'Alberg, a married woman.

Author. I have no such design.

Friend. Well, I really am at a loss then to comprehend your plan ; for I have now read the whole of the first, and part of the second volume ; and, except your Adriana (your Madame D'Alberg) I see nobody who can possibly be intended for your heroine.

Author. Alas ! my dear Sir, if you had yourself ever seen much of that part of the critical world who descant on novels, you would be aware of the extreme difficulty of the task that a Novelist has to execute : besides that, the number of strange situations under which the heroes

* I had not then heard of, or seen, a work called, " Things as they are."

and heroines have been represented, are so numerous as to leave hardly any new means of bewildering them in difficulties, there are such objections continually made to some part or other of our fabricated stories, as have continually reminded me of the fable of the Man, his Son, and his Afs. I have been assailed with remonstrances on the evil tendency of having too much of love, too much of violent attachment in my novels ; and as I thought, in the present instance, the situation of my hero was of itself interesting enough to enable me to carry him on for sometime, without making him violently in love, I was determined to try the experiment.

Friend. I am afraid it is an experiment you must not carry too far. I do not believe that the generality of novel-readers (and it is to those you must look) will agree with your sage advisers, who were, I suppose, ladies far advanced in life.

Author. They were indeed. One was an authoress ; one who is herself above all
the

the weakneſſes of humanity, and whoſe talents give to her character a peculiar hardneſs; which is all placed to the account of her underſtanding.

Friend. And the others?

Author. Were women no longer young; and who now aſſume a ſort of ſtoiciſm quite oppoſite to their former ſentiments and habits of life.

Friend. To ſuch I ſhould liſten without any great deference; and when they diſcover that the ſtories you have invented turn too much on the paſſions of love, aſk them what are the ſubjects of thoſe books of mere entertainment, which are now claffics? Aſk them, while they put into the hands of their daughters novels that have for years been conſidered as written in the cauſe of virtue, and by which our mothers, I ſuppoſe, ſet their minds, whether they can ſeriously object to any one page of your five-and-twenty volumes, as immoral, or even improper, in the imagination of the moſt prudish cenſurer. But on ſome future occaſion I may give you
more

more fully my opinion of English novels. I speak not of the trifles which issue every day from the press to satisfy the idlest readers of a circulating library, but such as deserve to be read by persons who have other purposes in reading than to pass a vacant hour, or to escape for a few moments from the insipid monotony of prosperity, by engaging their minds in the detail of impossible adventures; of fables, that only a distempered imagination can produce, or a vitiated taste enjoy.

Author. I shall be extremely obliged to you for your opinion, which cannot fail to entertain and edify me; though I believe, as far as relates to the business of novel writing, I shall never have occasion to avail myself of your judgment.

Friend. Why so?

Author. Because I think I have taken my leave for ever of that species of writing.

Friend. Your imagination then is exhausted?

Author. Perhaps not. In the various combinations

combinations of human life ; in the various shades of human character, there are almost inexhaustible sources, from whence observation may draw materials, that very slender talents may weave into connected narratives : but in this, as in every other species of composition, there is a sort of fashion of the day. *Le vrai*, which you so properly recommend, or even *la vrai semblance*, seems not to be the present fashion. I have no pleasure in drawing figures which interest me no more than the allegoric personages of Spencer : besides, it is time to resign the field of fiction before there remains for me only the gleanings, or before I am compelled by the caprice of fashion to go for materials for my novels, as the authors of some popular dramas have lately done, to childrens story-books ; or, rather the collection which one sees in farm-houses ; the book of apparitions ; or a dismal tale of an haunted house, shewing how the inhabitants were forced to leave the same, by reason of a bloody and barbarous murder

murder committed there twenty years before, which was fully brought to light.

Friend. Well; but if you should change your mind, I can furnish you with *such* a ghost-story!

Author. I thank you; but I have no talents that way; and will rather endeavour, in whatever I may hereafter produce (if I am still urged by the same necessity as has hitherto made me produce so much) to remember, whenever it can be remembered with advantage,

Que rien n'est beau que le vrai.

THE
BANISHED MAN.

CHAP. I.

“ I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.”

BRAMSTON

IN the capital of Bohemia the three wanderers remained no longer than was necessary to refresh themselves after the fatigues they had passed, and to enable them to undertake those which were to come in their way to Dresden. De Touranges, whose sufferings were of that sort for which time itself can apply no remedy, was during these few days, in a state of mind that gave the greatest concern to his two friends; and the Abbe de St. Remi hardly ever left him, so apprehensive was he that his fortitude would yield to his despair; while D'Alonville, either from

his milder disposition, or because he knew the worst that could, as an individual, befall him, bore his misfortunes with greater calmness, and applied himself to soothe his more unhappy friend. Yet could he not offer hope he did not himself feel; and was conscious in this case of the inefficacy of all those common topics of consolation which are so generally dwelt upon, but of so little use in alleviating real affliction.

There were many French arrived at Prague before them, and some who had left France very lately. The accounts these persons gave of the situation of affairs at Paris, their conjectures and apprehensions were by no means calculated to appease the solicitude that tortured De Touranges. He fled therefore as much as possible from their society, and seemed relieved when with his two friends he again set forward on his journey.

Though no complaint escaped him, it was easy to see that the Abbe de St. Remi had suffered very much from the fatigue of travelling the greater part of the way on horse-

horseback between Vienna and Prague; D'Alonville therefore, who already entertained the sincerest esteem for that excellent man, took some pains to procure for him a more commodious conveyance; and at length found a man who engaged to carry two persons and part of the baggage of the whole party to Dresden, in a kind of cabriolet, drawn by two horses, which he was to drive himself. For his own conveyance, D'Alonville hired an horse of the same person, and another for De Touranges' servant. Matters being thus arranged, they left Prague five days after their arrival there.

From the time when the retreat of the combined armies from Champaign had given so fatal a blow to the hopes of the French royalists, until the present hour, D'Alonville had been so much agitated by solicitude, or overwhelmed with sorrow; so continually suffering in his own person, or for those he loved, that he had never had time to look back on past events with coolness, or steadily to contemplate the prospect

prospect before him ; but now, as slowly, and often at a distance, he followed the carriage in which his friends were seated, through the deep sands, and over the mountainous forests of Bohemia, the dreary stillness of every thing around him, the heavy gloom of a December sky, and the dark solemnity of the woods of fir through which the road often lay for many miles together, were united to produce reflection, retrospection, and regret.

His thoughts naturally reverted to those happy days of which fortune, rank, youth, and health, flattered him with a long continuance ; when his father considered him with affectionate pride, as the second hope and support of a noble house ; and beheld with exultation the world around him, eager to do justice to the early promise of merit in a beloved son. He could not but recollect many scenes of former felicity, which were passed for ever ; a few months only had elapsed, and now, without any fault of his own, he was an exile, and in comparison of his former situation,
a beggar,

a beggar, wandering in the woods of Bohemia, without any certain purpose, and by no means assured of what he was to expect at the end of his journey, or indeed where that journey was to end.

In mournful contrast to the brilliant prospects of his youth, the miseries that had been crowded into the short space of two years, and particularly those that had marked the two last months, recurred to him in all their horrors. The defection of his brother, and the anguish it inflicted on the Viscount de Fayolles; the precipitate journey his father had made to the frontiers to join the Austrian and Prussian armies; their retreat, and all the horrors that followed it; the dreadful nights he passed between the time that his father was wounded, and his deplorable death; the castle of Rosenheim, and its inhabitants; their eventful journey to Coblenz, and his return to Rosenheim; with his subsequent mortifying disappointment in being dismissed from the friendship of the Rosenheim family, through the infamous

arts of Heurthofen, all passed through his mind as an uneasy and distressing dream is recalled after a restless night; but with this melancholy difference, that all these events, which a little time before would, if they could have been prophesied, have appeared more improbable than the wildest fiction of a disordered imagination, were now too real; and, while to look back was thus afflicting, the future was hid in hideous obscurity. What had happened, had so baffled every conjecture that might from experience or analogy have been made on the probable courses of human events, that the most sanguine mind could distinguish, in what was to come, nothing on which it might rest with hope. The most timid could hardly be accused of yielding too much to fear.

Lost in these contemplations, D'Alonville often lingered behind his friends, and arrived at the places where they stopped, sometime after them. As the same horses were to draw them all the way to Dresden, and the man to whom they belonged

had

had bargained that he was to take his own time, they were to be four days in reaching that town from Prague, though it is not much above seventy English miles. On the third of these days D'Alonville had walked with his two friends up a steep ascent, in order to relieve the horses. The Marquis and the Abbe had again entered their chaise, and were descending on the other side, where D'Alonville rather chose to walk, as his horse was fatigued, and the road slippery from sleet which was still falling; when arriving at an angle which had before concealed the road from him, he saw a post-chaise which, in descending also, appeared to have been overturned by the fall of one of the horses; and two strangers and their servants were endeavouring to get the horse up. D'Alonville saw the cabriole in which his friends were, stop, and the Abbe de St. Remi was already out of it, to lend what assistance he could to the travellers. He hastened on himself as fast as the road would allow; and when he came near the carriages, tied his horse to a tree and went

forward to offer his services to the gentlemen, whom he now learned from a servant who could speak French, were Englishmen, travelling in their own chaise with post-horses to Dresden, on their way through Germany from Italy to England. These gentlemen, one of whom appeared younger than the other, though neither of them were above six or seven-and-twenty, were employed in disengaging the suffering animal, who had, in falling, dragged the chaise over him, broke the shaft, and seemed to be stunned, if not killed, by the violence of the fall. D'Alonville understood, and could speak a little English; and while he lent what help seemed in his power, he could not avoid remarking how differently the two travellers proceeded. He who appeared the eldest of them (in every strong term which the English language so copiously affords) cursed all foreign postillions, post-horses, and postmasters. He swore, that on the whole continent there was not one of any sort of these worth a damn; and that a man had better

better go to the devil at once, than put himself in the way of having any thing to do with such hellish cattle, and such infernal scoundrels. All this eloquence was entirely lost on the German postillion, who, without moving a muscle of his broad face, and with his short pipe still in his mouth, had very calmly taken off the other horses, fastened them to a tree, and now began with equal composure to unbuckle, untie, and unstrap the intricacies of the harness, entangled around the fallen horse; intricacies of which he alone was probably master. The furious gentleman was for cutting them without hesitation; and his companion seemed only solicitous to deliver the poor animal as immediately as possible from the painful situation in which he lay; to which the violence and noise of his friend seemed by no means likely to contribute. An English servant, under the directions of the former gentleman, appeared to act with the most intelligence, while an Italian valet stood aghast, and without

undertaking to help or to advise himself, seemed to be addressing his favourite Saint for assistance ; till a volley of oaths from the other Englishman, who called him a macaroni son a b—h, and asked him what he stood quivering there for, roused him from his pious appeal ; and though he did not understand the force of the exhortation, urged him to spring forward. But here again he was wrong ; and for this misapplied zeal, received only a repulse—“ Why you lank-sided rascal, get out of the way, and be cursed to you. Don’t you see that here are more already than do any good ? Come, you Monsieur (addressing himself to the Marquis’s servant) here, lend us a lift on this side.—Pooh ! damn it, not so—here, this way.—I’ll be cursed if he or any of his countrymen know the head of a horse from the tail !” By this time the horse was so far released, that he could have got up had he been able ; but it appeared he was so much hurt that he could not rise, and was at all events disqualified from

from proceeding. There were three however, left, which were sufficient to take the carriage to the next post-house; but much yet remained to do before it could move. The shaft was to be spliced; and one of the wheels, damaged in the fall, to be put in a condition to perform the rest of the journey. “*Dire were the oaths and deep the cursings*” from the mouth of the apparently irritable Englishman, before this could be accomplished. And, notwithstanding the discouragement of his rough manners, for which his friend repeatedly apologized to D’Alonville and to the Abbe de St. Remi, in French (as soon as he found that one of them understood English) they both staid and lent every possible assistance, till the vehicle was put in a condition to proceed with safety. The Abbe, who from his age and character might well have excused himself from taking any trouble at all, where there were so many others, then slightly touched his hat and returned to his own chaise, where the Marquis de Touranges, who

did

did not believe his interference necessary, and who had formed no very favourable ideas of the travellers, from what little he understood of the conversation of one of them, had remained a quiet spectator of the bustle; and was, indeed, in a few moments after it began, so entirely absorbed in his own sad reflections, that nothing but the loud voice and furious oaths of one of the strangers could have made the least impression upon him. When the Abbe, however, returned to take his seat by him, the younger of the two Englishmen followed him, and in polite terms renewed his acknowledgments. The Abbe, in return, assured him he was glad he had been of any service, and wished him a good journey. The cabriole then proceeded, and De Touranges said, "One is surprised to hear French, and even good French, if it were not for the vile accent it is spoken with, from the mouth of those half-savages."

'Who do you qualify,' enquired the Abbe, 'with the name of half-savages?'

"Those

“Those Englishmen,” replied De Touranges.

“And why so?” enquired St. Remi.

“Because I can consider them no otherwise,” answered the Marquis.

“I think you are wrong, however,” replied the Abbe. “I know no nation of Europe more enlightened, more respectable, at least so they appear to me, even from the little I know of them, by the translations we have of their best authors. For though I read English, it is hardly fluently enough to enable me to enjoy them in the original.”

“You might as well judge of the wit of the Spaniards from a French version of Don Quixotte. The Spaniards, however, have as little of what is properly called wit, as the English of any kind of genius. As to the latter, they are a nation to whom we owe almost all the evils that war has brought upon France; and the greatest of all evils, that which has now destroyed her.”

De Touranges then sunk into one of his
mournful

mournful reveries : and though the Abbe undertook to defend the nation for whom he pleaded from this imputation, and proceeded with equal reason, eloquence, and method, the dialogue became a monologue; for De Touranges had ceased to listen, and gave no other answer, than that he thought the English a proud, ferocious, and hardly civilized people; and that the man they had lately seen was a just specimen of the nation.

While the unfortunate De Touranges was thus indulging national prejudice, roused and embittered by peculiar calamity, D'Alonville remained in conversation with the two English gentlemen, though only by one of them he could make himself understood in his own language; for the elder, whose name was Melton, could speak no language but English, though he was now on his return from the tour of Europe. His friend, however, informed D'Alonville, that they had not travelled together the whole way, but that they met by accident
at

at Turin ; Mr. Melton coming last from Naples, and himself from Geneva, where he had been since France had become an uneasy residence for strangers. Mr. Melton receiving intelligence there of the death of the two dowagers, who had kept him out of the moiety of a very large fortune, and sick of scenes for which he never had any taste, was returning to England. The young man who spoke, a younger brother of the name of Ellefmere, had agreed to accompany him through Germany, in the intention of visiting some of the German courts, and particularly Berlin ; and having some thoughts of entering into the army, wished to understand more than he now did the tactics of a nation who, under their last monarch, were the admiration of Europe. This conversation passed as D'Alonville and Ellefmere walked together down the hill : Melton had wrapped himself in his great coat, and was replaced in the chaise. When it stopped at the bottom for Ellefmere to get into it, he thanked D'Alonville

ville

ville in warmer and civiler terms than before, for the assistance they had received from him and his friend in their little dilemma: and added, that as they were travelling the same way, he should be glad if any opportunity offered of renewing their acquaintance. The post-chaise in which these gentlemen were, notwithstanding it moved now only with three horses, proceeded faster than D'Alonville could do on the miserable and thoroughly-tired horse he was furnished with. They soon therefore left him behind, and passed the cabriole in which were the Abbe and De Touranges. Melton had till then been silent; but at the noise the postillions made in passing each other, he seemed to be roused from his reverie, and speaking to Ellesmere, said, "Well Ned, what did you do with your Frenchman?"

"Nothing," answered Ellesmere, "but thanked him for having tried to help us; which methought was the more necessary, as you was not too civil, in abusing the man's country all the time he

he and his friend were standing in the rain, and helping us as well as they could.'

"Pooh! damn it," replied Melton, "they did not understand me."

'Pardon me,' said Ellesmere, 'the younger of them understands English perfectly, though he does not speak it much: and even the elder one, whom I take to be a priest, seems to know at least what is said.'

"Oh! what the fellow with a round black patch upon his skull, as if he had got a plaister for a broken head? Well! and what if he did? Who was that stately gentleman that was perched up in their rabbit-cart, and hardly put his nose out of his frizzled and furred great coat to peep at us? I suppose he was master of the other two."

'I did not observe him,' replied Ellesmere; 'but whoever he might be, I do not believe the other two were servants. The young man with whom I conversed, seemed to be very much of a gentleman ;

gentleman ; and, from the appearance of the whole party, I fancy they are emigrant French, who are seeking in some other country, an asylum against the tyranny and injustice that is executing in their own.

“ A fine hand to be sure they have made of their liberty !” said Melton.

“ What the devil had they to do to think of being free ? I suppose they will now over-run every country in Europe. For my part I cannot love them, nor never did.”

“ But it does not appear, my friend,” rejoined Ellesmere, “ that Italians please you better.”

“ Oh ! damn them—squeaking, fiddling, scraping, perfidious rascals.”

“ Or Germans ?” added Ellesmere.

“ Humph ! Yes, they are a little better. I think they have a little more of Englishmen about them.”

“ Or Spaniards, or Portuguese ?”

“ Oh curse them ; I hate them, though I know very little of them. They are fellows one knows hardly any thing about.”

“ Or

‘ Or Ruffians, or Swedes, or Danes, or Dutchmen ?’

“ Dutchmen ! Hah ! the most cheating, money-getting, narrow-fouled, bargain-driving scoundrels ! No, damme, a Dutchman is worse —”

‘ Worse than a Frenchman ?’ cried Ellesmere !

“ No, nothing *can* be worse ; but I think they are *almost* as bad.”

‘ Not one nation of Europe then has the honour of being held in any degree of esteem by you. But my good friend, might you not be enabled to judge better of their characters, if you could speak their languages ?’

“ I don’t wish to speak their languages. What good does it do an Englishman ? When I go to my estate in Gloucestershire (now for example) which I intend to do now the old gentlewomen are both gone to earth, d’ye think I shall ever see any of these fellows ? And among my neighbours and tenants, d’ye believe we shall find occasion for French and Italian ?”

‘ Why

‘Why then,’ said Ellesmere, ‘did you go among them at all, professing present dislike, and having no view of subsequent improvement?’

“Why! Nay, faith I can hardly tell. I had lost a pretty round sum among sharpers.”

‘Englishmen, I suppose?’

“Aye, Englishmen some of them, but others of them were Irishmen; so as I hated to hear about it from my aunt and my grandmother, and did not know very well what to do to get out of their way, I was persuaded to try the tour, as it is called, which it seems a man of fortune is expected to make. But I pique myself upon returning to England as entirely British as I set out: and, unless my mind alters strangely, I shall live and die a thorough Englishman.”

‘I do believe you,’ answered Ellesmere; ‘and who but must rejoice, that there are still any of that excellent breed left, and that we are not wholly degenerated?’

They

They now arrived at the inn where they were to remain that night. The other three travellers, who were obliged to submit to the convenience of the proprietor of their horses, reached not so far, but remained at a village three leagues behind, on the road.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy.

This wide and universal Theatre

Presents more woful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play.

THE evening of the following day D'Alonville and his companions arrived at Dresden. The Abbe de St. Remi had some acquaintance there, to whom he immediately went; and who, as soon as they knew he had two friends with him, sent to desire they might see them also, as they were people of very high rank. De Touranges with some difficulty was prevailed upon to accept the offered hospitality; but D'Alonville, who wished to see the town, of which he had heard much, excused himself, as being confined to the hours of a private family, would have interfered too much with his design of visiting whatever was curious or worth seeing. The Abbe left him with reluctance, to wander alone round Dresden

Dresden for the little time he stayed; but his solitary excursions were hardly begun on the morning after his arrival, when in one of the squares he met Mr. Ellesmere, who seemed glad to renew their acquaintance. This meeting produced another; and every time they met, the mutual liking they had conceived for each other encreased; and after the third, such a degree of confidence was produced, that D'Alonville gave to his new friend a brief sketch of his melancholy history.

Ellesmere had almost all those good qualities of the heart which the English are too apt to believe exclusively their own, because they undoubtedly possess a greater share of them than any other people; so far at least as can be judged either from their private or public history. Ellesmere was candid, generous, humane, and good-natured; with notions of honour which mere men of the world would call romantic, and ideas of friendship which such men would condemn as ridiculous.

His

His father, a Baronet of an ancient family, but of small fortune, had wasted much of his life and more of his property in attending on a court, where for a few years the sacrifice of his time and his independence was rewarded with an employment, which, though lucrative, was not more than adequate to the different manner of living which it obliged him to adopt. On a change of ministry he lost his place, and retired to his family-seat in Staffordshire, leaving his eldest son to sustain the family consequence, by becoming in his turn a statesman, to which his ambition urged him, as well as the necessities of his family, for he had married a young woman of very high fashion, without fortune, and had already several children; but as unfortunately the Lady's connexions were all among what is called the Opposition, he had espoused a party in which no present advantage was offered; and as virtue is too often its own reward, the elder Mr. Ellesmere derived from his politics no profit, and only
partial

partial glory, since that was by his own friends called patriotism, was, by the other and more powerful party, stigmatized with the name of Faction. This circumstance affected his father, Sir Maynard Ellefmere, very sensibly; for though the family of Lady Sophia, his son's wife, assisted in the support of a man so nearly allied to them, and who was in some measure the victim of that alliance, yet their power was by no means so extensive as to enable him to appear as his connexions and prospects demanded, without such assistance from his father as compelled him to live himself with the most rigid œconomy, and to confine within very narrow bounds the expences of the younger branches of his family, which consisted of five other children, two sons, and three daughters. Of these D'Alonville's new acquaintance was the eldest. He had been designed by his father for the law; had passed three years at the university to apply to that study, and afterwards went to the Temple; but on a

nearer view, he became disguised with the rugged features and incomprehensible manners of English jurisprudence; and Sir Maynard, who could very ill afford the expence of supporting him till the period when his pursuit of the law would become productive, yielded to his son's wishes of quitting it entirely, and embracing the profession of arms. But as Sir Maynard saw no immediate prospect of getting him forward in this line, he had consented to his travelling to acquire the European languages: so necessary to a military man. With a very limited allowance, he had been eleven months on the continent; and now, on the probability of a war, was returning to England.

Yet unhackneyed in the ways of men, and unspoiled by prosperity, the sensible heart of young Ellesmere was extremely affected by the relation D'Alonville gave him; and he soon felt the most earnest desire to alleviate the sorrows of his new friend. Little was in his power beyond advice and good wishes; but those, so sincerely

sincerely offered to a man who was far from all those from whom he could claim the soothing offices of friendship, were invaluable. D'Alonville felt that they were so; and once more his heart, chilled and depressed by his late disappointment, was expanded and cheered with the hope of having found a friend. Melton, who professed to travel because he knew not what to do with himself at home, till he could give more unbounded scope to his turn for some sort of expence, had not the least inclination to seek in any capital town, other society than Englishmen of the same description afforded him. There were several at Dresden, with whom he associated, and among them one with whom he had formerly been much acquainted, and who was going post to England. An immediate return to his native country was by this time become, in the opinion of Melton, a desirable circumstance; and he entered into an agreement to join this his acquaintance, and to leave Dresden three days sooner than he had originally proposed

posed with Ellefmere; to whom he began a blunt apology, and was giving the reasons he had to change his mind. Ellefmere, who rather felt himself released than offended, besought him to set his heart at ease in regard to him; and adjusting their account of expences, they took leave of each other with all imaginable good humour, but without the least degree of friendship; Ellefmere reflecting with wonder on the little activity of Melton's mind, which, with every power that fortune and situation gave to acquire information, sunk into quiescent ignorance, Melton not reflecting at all. The jolly party he soon after joined, kept him from any unpleasant feelings he might have had respecting his want of politeness and great rudeness towards Ellefmere. He passed a jovial evening, and, without going to bed, set out on his journey by the break of day.

Thus left to find his way to Berlin alone, or in any company he liked, Ellefmere sought his French friend with an
intention

intention of offering himself to join his party. He was directed at the hotel, where he had before enquired for him, to another; where, on sending for him, D'Alonville came down, and telling Ellesmere he was with some of his countrymen, who would be very happy if he would favour them with his company, he introduced him to the Marquis de Touranges, the Abbe de St. Remi, and two old French noblemen; who received him with that politeness for which men of their rank were so justly distinguished. The Abbe de St. Remi too, who though a priest had no illiberal prejudices, was pleased with the appearance of the young Englishman. De Touranges alone maintained a cold reserve; and while the others were engaged in conversation, seemed to suffer his mind to be entirely engrossed by thoughts of sad import, which conversation had no power to soothe.

When the party broke up, D'Alonville proposed to Ellesmere to go with him to

his lodgings, where, when they arrived, he related to his English friend the purport of some dispatches which the gentlemen he had just left had received from France: they were extremely unfavourable to their hopes, and D'Alonville sighed as he concluded the detail. "These accounts," said Ellefmere, "are, indeed, discouraging; yet with how much philosophy or resignation do your friends, whom we have been with, endure this accumulation of evil tidings! I mean the Abbe and the two oldest gentlemen: the younger does not, I think, seem to have learned so well the difficult art of appearing cheerful when anguish is corroding the soul. If I were to indulge myself in remarks on national character, I should say, that he is affected more like an Englishman than a Frenchman."

'If you knew what he suffers as an individual,' said D'Alonville, 'the want of fortitude, which you justly remark, would appear more excusable; yet, perhaps, the Marquis de Touranges has more than
his

his share of pride. Allied to the first houses in France, and boasting of blood, second only to that of royalty, it is more difficult for him than for most others; and we have none of us found it very easy to submit to the innovations that the revolution has made. At its commencement De Touranges was among those who resisted, with the most resolution, the concessions demanded of the nobility. When they became inevitable, he still remained near the king, to whom he was personally attached; but as he could neither approve of the continual diminution of power, which he had been taught to consider as sacred, nor conceal his detestation of the democratic faction that was making such rapid strides towards the total destruction of monarchy, he soon became so obnoxious to those men, that his stay was injurious to his master, and dangerous to himself; and after the 20th of June this was so evident, that he was at length prevailed upon to retire. All this is but the same destiny we have almost

all of us experienced, varied only by local or domestic events; and in these respects De Touranges has particularly suffered.'

D'Alonville then went on to relate what had befallen Madame de Touranges, the mother of the Marquis, and the distressing circumstance of his being unable to learn what was become of her, or of his wife and her infant. The sensible heart of Ellef-mere was touched by this narrative: he not only blamed himself for having so hastily conceived some dislike to the Marquis, on account of what he mistook for the reserve of haughty superiority, but felt a most earnest, though ineffectual wish to soothe the sufferings of these unhappy strangers. The idea he had at first conceived of De Touranges, had deterred him from proposing to join their party; but as the cause of his apparent reserve was now explained, his inclination to do so was renewed; and he mentioned it to D'Alonville, who expressed the utmost satisfaction in the prospect of having the advantage of his company. He hastened
his
immedi-

immediately to settle their journey with his two friends. The Abbe was pleased with the acquisition thus made of another travelling companion. De Touranges neither approved nor opposed it. D'Alonville, therefore, to whom it was left to arrange their conveyance, settled it, by hiring a sort of coach that held four persons, with conveniences without for their servants and baggage; and in this they set out on their way to Berlin, somewhat less than an hundred miles from Dresden.

Nothing worth noticing occurred on their first day's journey. Ellesmere became continually more prejudiced in favour of his young friend; and for the Abbe de St. Remi, he learned to feel veneration and esteem, without ever being influenced by the conversation of either, or by the pity he felt for their ruined fortunes, to alter his original opinions as to the errors of the former government of their country, or the propriety of those reforms which, had they been carried on by

reason and justice, would have rendered France, under a limited monarchy, the most flourishing and happy nation of Europe. His thorough conviction of what it might have been, only encreased the concern and disgust he felt in reflecting on what it was; but, if ever any conversation on this subject arose, he concealed the former of these sentiments from his unhappy friends when they were altogether, and particularly from De Touranges, who, on their first day's journey he had observed to be so much irritated and inflamed by discourse of such a tendency held at a table d'hôte, by a German who dined in their company, that a quarrel of the most alarming nature would have ensued, but for the interposition of the Abbe de St. Remi and an old Prussian officer. Ellesmere fancied that De Touranges looked upon him as a man who, from the government under which he had been brought up, could not but be favourably disposed towards democracy; and he felt too much concern for the sad reverse of fortune
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under which De Touranges was suffering, not to make every possible allowance for him ; and forbore to press any argument that might render more irritable a wounded mind.

On the second day the weather was so unfavourable, that their progress was slow ; and towards evening a storm of wind, with snow and rain, made it so disagreeable, and indeed dangerous (for it was quite dark before they were within three leagues of the post-house where they proposed stopping) that they consented rather to remain at a little alehouse, where they had taken shelter, than expose themselves to the danger of being overturned in the obscurity of such a night in a wild and mountainous country. There were in this place no beds for them ; but the Abbe remarked with a smile, that it was part of the vow he had taken to sleep on boards. De Touranges cared not where he laid his head ; and D'Alonville had been of late too much used to hard fare of every kind, not to be indifferent about a transient

inconvenience. Ellesmere very justly concluded that he should not be more incommoded than his friends; and they retired in their clothes to some bundles of straw which their servants had carried up into a place which might rather be called a granary than a room: it just afforded, however, a shelter from the wind and water, and the travellers preferred it to the only room below where they could have stayed, because that room was crowded with people, among whom were some strange figures, whose occupation seemed at least equivocal; and as they were wrangling and noisy, and seemed to agree in nothing but in smoking, that room was, on many accounts, less eligible than the loft they had chosen.

Towards morning D'Alonville, who was impatient to get forward on his journey, arose from his straw, and found his way down a kind of ladder. He went out, and, though it was a dark and dismal morning, he roused the men who slept in the stable, entreating them to get ready

as soon as they could, for he apprehended a fall of snow from the change of the wind, and was afraid that the longer they staid the more difficult they might find it to depart. Having given these orders, he returned with a design to hasten his friends; but as the ladder-like stairs, that led to the place where he left them, received very little light, and towards the top branched off in two directions, he hesitated a moment to recollect which he ought to take: then imagining he had guessed right, he proceeded to mount four or five steep steps, and opening a door, or rather a few old planks nailed together to supply the want of one, he was struck by the sight of a woman kneeling by the side of a wretched bed, where lay a human figure, on which her eyes were fixed with a look of hopeless despair. Through the disorder of a white wrapping dress, and her hair that hung loosely over her face, and shoulders, D'Alonville distinguished that she was very young, and not of the common rank. Almost without reflection

reflection he stepped towards her: she turned towards him a countenance pale and emaciated, but still lovely; and looking surprised to behold a stranger, spoke to him in a very soft and affecting voice, but in a language of which he did not understand a syllable. The expressive tones of distress, however, needed not words to make vibrate an heart which, like D'Alonville's, had been accustomed to suffer. He hastily approached the bed, and distinguished the person who lay on it to be a man between fifty and sixty, who appeared to be extremely ill. He addressed to the young woman an enquiry in French, whether he could be of any use, or in what he could serve her. She seemed to understand that he wished to assist and relieve her, and burst into tears.

The sick man, whose half closed eyes had been fixed on her face, was roused by this expression of sorrow: she spoke to him in her own language, and he turned his faint looks towards D'Alonville, who, now seeing that he noticed him, again repeated

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in French his offers of service. The stranger understood him, and answered in the same language, imperfectly indeed, yet so as to be comprehended, that he was a native of Poland—that having taken an active part in the late attempt of that country to regain its freedom, he had been marked for the vengeance of the powers who had now the ascendancy; and would have been imprisoned for life, if he had not, with his daughter, made a precipitate escape with what little property they could save, of the greater part of which he had been robbed by a servant; and that they were now travelling towards Vienna, where they had relations; but that fatigue and anxiety having thrown him into a fever, he had lain above three weeks in this miserable house. His fever, he said, was gone; but he had lost, through weakness, the use of his limbs, and feared he should never be able to quit that place, which, for himself he should not lament; but that his daughter's desolate condition—

He could not go on; but D'Alonville perfectly

perfectly understood what he would say.— Here then was a being more miserable than even his friends and himself. an exile too like them—the victim of a contention, like that which desolated their country, but who had taken a different part in it. He was not less an object of compassion to the generous mind of D'Alonville ; who feeling the same sentiment that actuated the gallant Sidney, as he gazed on the unhappy object before him, would have said,

‘Thy necessity is greater than mine.’

He immediately began to assure the Polish gentleman, that whatever he could do to amend his situation should instantly be done. The voice of pity, so soothing to the sick heart, seemed to have an almost immediate effect on the unfortunate Pole. He tried, however, in vain to express his gratitude ; and his daughter could only weep. D'Alonville was afraid of abruptly offering money ; nor did he indeed well know in what way to administer the assistance these two unfortunate wanderers

wanderers seemed so greatly in need of; but telling them he would wait upon them again in a few moments, he went to find his friend Ellesmere, whom he met upon the stairs somewhat disquieted at his absence, having been for some time vainly in search of him.

When they descended the ladder, which was not a very convenient place for such a conference, D'Alonville related in a few words the extraordinary adventure he had met with. A lovely girl weeping over her expiring parent, in a miserable German cabaret; that parent the victim of his principles! It was a story exactly calculated to acquire a sudden interest over the romantic mind of Ellesmere, on whom beauty in distress had always a most powerful effect; and who, though he detested the present Anarchists of France, and was impatient to draw his sword against them, had an heart attached to the true English principles: an heart detesting tyranny and injustice, under whatever semblance they appeared, and
ready

ready to side with every man who dared honestly to resist them. He took fire at the sketch D'Alonville gave of the melancholy scene he had been witness to; and taking it for granted the people of the house had been cruel to their unhappy guests as soon as their money had failed, he went back into the kitchen to enquire about them.

The woman of the house answered him coolly enough, that the *man* and the *girl*, as she called them, had had what they wanted; but for her part, she had a large family of her own to look after. They were taxed high, and were devoured by soldiers; and she could not be burthened with strangers. She was sorry for the gentleman, if he was a gentleman; but she thought folks who had no money, or but little, should stay at home in their own country, and not run about to be burthen some to other people.

D'Alonville did not understand this harangue, which was delivered in German, so well as Ellefmere, who was more master of that language. He did
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not, however, warm as he was in his zeal for the suffering party, exclaim against the inhumanity of his German hostess, and conclude that therefore all German hostesses were inhuman; but he reflected on a much more evident truth,—How nearly *the people* of all countries are alike! Such he knew would probably have been the language of an alewife between London and Harwich, and of la Cabaretiere, at any little auberge between Calais and Paris. His sollicitude however for the Polonese gentleman was increased; and he entreated D'Alonville to introduce him when he returned to his chamber, that they might together discover what could be done for him. Time pressed; for the Marquis de Touranges and the Abbe were by this time earnest to depart. The former heard the story with so little sensibility, that Ellefinere could only apologize for him, by supposing true what has often been asserted, that uninterrupted prosperity and great calamity equally harden the heart, and render it insensible to

to the distresses of others. Had he known more of De Touranges, he would have discovered that he was not naturally unfeeling, but that the word *Liberty*, a word to which he imputed all the evils under which his country groaned, had a power over him like that of the fabled shield of Minerva, and turned his heart to stone. The Abbe de St. Remi had more Christian charity : he offered not only to lend the sick man any spiritual advice which might console him, but to contribute what little was in his power to his personal necessities ; and to exert the skill he had acquired in medicine towards his recovery. Ellesmere heretically thought these two last-mentioned offers the most to the purpose ; but he agreed with D'Alonville that they would accept only the last : and in this no time was to be lost. D'Alonville therefore immediately returned, and proposed to the Polonese, a visit from the Abbe. It was gratefully accepted ; and, though it lasted but a few moments, was highly satisfactory ; for the Abbe, on
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his return to the two young men, assured them, that the danger in which he believed his patient to have been, was over; and that though he was still extremely weak, his recovery was retarded by what had occasioned his illness—mental anguish; and by that hopeless lassitude which a long course of suffering occasions, even to the firmest mind. The dread of leaving his daughter desolate and unprotected in a strange country, had been so great, that he had denied himself even the few comforts he could have obtained, because he desired to reserve the little money he had left to send her back to Warsaw, where he hoped the relations of her mother would receive her, when he himself, whose politics had estranged them from him, could offend them no more. But she had positively refused to leave him; and the contention between his anxiety for her, and her tenderness for him, had affected him so much, just at the moment when accident introduced D'Alonville into the room, that it gave him the appearance of being

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ing even in a more languid state than he really was.

This account redoubled the sollicitude of the two young men, who now became extremely impatient to set at ease the anxious heart of a father for a daughter so deserving, by enabling him to secure her return to Warsaw. This however would probably require more time than De Touranges would be willing to spare ; and when they recollected that at Berlin he had hopes of gaining some intelligence of his wife, his child, and his mother, they forgave impatience ; which in any other case would have indicated want of humanity.

After a short consultation between Ellesmere, D'Alonville, and the Abbe, they agreed that the latter should go on with De Touranges to the next post-town, about nine miles distant, whither they would follow in two or three hours ; and that, if in that time they did not come up with their friends, the Abbe and De Touranges

ranges might still proceed. D'Alonville and Ellesmere had no doubt of overtaking the carriage, by the superior speed of post-horses, on the following day, or at least before it reached Berlin.

CHAP. III.

Non tamen irritum

Quodcunque retro est efficiet; neque

Diffinget, infectumque reddet

Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

HOR.

THE friendly interest which men of another country, and of other principles, took in his fate, and in that of his daughter, had almost an instantaneous effect on the depressed spirits of Carlowitz. When Ellefmere was by his friend D'Alonville introduced, they found him risen from his miserable couch, and sitting on its side, but too weak to support himself. He leaned against his daughter; who hung over him with the tenderest solicitude. While D'Alonville endeavoured to put an end to the attempts he made to express his gratitude, Ellefmere approached, and would have spoken to his daughter; but he was so struck by her figure, and by the expression of her countenance, that he could only murmur out a broken sentence,

tence,

sentence, which he forgot she could not understand. Her father spoke to her in the Polish language; and though Ellefmere knew not what he said, he imagined he bade her attempt to speak French. Her faded cheek was for a moment tinged with a faint blush; and, turning towards D'Alonville, she made an unsuccessful effort to express herself; but Ellefmere was tempted to envy him, what seemed almost a preference, and would have been himself the person in whose favour the attempt was made.

“Alexina,” said her father, addressing himself to them both, “Alexina, is a very young scholar in your language, gentlemen (for he did not distinguish Ellefmere’s country); but though she is unable to say how much she is obliged to you, believe me, she is sincerely sensible of your kindness.” He then again spoke to her; and quitting him, she took up a cloke with a large hood which lay in a chair, and wrapping herself in it, so as to conceal
VOL. II. D her

her face as much as possible, she left the room.

Ellesmere followed her with his eyes, and knew not how to help offering to assist her down the stairs, or rather ladder; but fearful of offending, he continued to gaze at the door through which she had passed; and it was the repetition of her name only that drew him from his admiration of her form, to attend to her interest, which D'Alonville already began to discuss with her father.

“Yes,” said Carlowitz, “it is only on account of Alexina that my heart has failed me; for myself, I fear not death. I have affronted it in the most hideous forms; but my Alexina! I wished to place her in the protection of the only relation I have at Vienna; and then if I live, do not imagine that I mean to pass the rest of my life in activity. While I have any remains of strength I must use it, though my country exists no longer.”

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He was proceeding with all that vehement enthusiasm which the cause that he had been engaged in defending inspires, when recollecting the probability there was that the principles of the persons to whom he was speaking were very different from those he was thus declaring, or perhaps reading in the countenance of D'Alonville some dissent from his opinions, he stopped, and said, "but perhaps I am speaking to those who are themselves suffering from a very different cause."

'You judge rightly,' answered D'Alonville, 'as to me. My friend is an Englishman; but I am, like you, an exile from my country. We will not talk, however, of our politics. If every man should consider his fellow-man as a brother, the tie is surely strengthened between unhappy men. If I can assist you, then, your opinions will not lessen my zeal to do so. Had I been a Polonese, I might have thought and have acted as you have done: Had you been a native of France,

you would have seen her monarchy exchanged for anarchy, infinitely more destructive and more tyrannical, with the same abhorrence as I have done." This candid discussion of a subject which has but too often divided the most sacred connexions by the warmth of the contention it has raised, soon set the new friends mutually at ease with each other: a little plan for the conveyance of Carlowitz and Alexina to Vienna on the return of the carriage which was going on to Berlin with D'Alonville and his friends, was soon adjusted; which, with about the value of ten guineas English, was all Carlowitz could be prevailed upon to accept. To this Ellesmere insisted on contributing half; and the noble Polonese gave them an acknowledgment for it, and an order to receive it at Vienna, by bill of exchange, of which he peremptorily demanded their acceptance, as the only terms on which he would receive the money. Fatigued as he was by a long conversation, Ellesmere fancied that, under
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all the disadvantages of illness, and of speaking with difficulty a foreign language, there was in the countenance and manner of this stranger an uncommon portion of sense and spirit. Their business being arranged, Carlowitz expressed a wish to see his daughter, and Ellesmere with extreme eagerness flew down to find her ; while D'Alonville, whom he seemed to fear had the same project, accompanied him, but with a different intention. He went to make interest with the hostess, whose manners were much softened towards her sick guests, to prepare for them all a little repast, and to intercede for a better room for his Polonese friend, the little time he was still to stay at her house. While he was thus negotiating, Ellesmere had gone out in search of Alexina, who he was told had walked out. Within fifty yards of the house, that stood alone near the foot of a steep hill, began a wood of birch and pine-trees, with which that and the surrounding mountains were covered. A path led thither, and Ellesmere followed

it, because the shelter the firs afforded made it most likely that it had been taken by Alexina. He saw her, within a few paces of its entrance, leaning against a tree, her face almost veiled by her hood, and her figure by her long cloke; but yet he thought he never saw a form so graceful. He approached and spoke to her. She put aside her veil, and discovered, in the opinion of Ellesmere, a face where sorrow and resignation lent irresistible charms to features perfectly lovely; and which acquired, by visible dejection, a grace which more than compensated for the bloom of health. Ellesmere made her comprehend that her father wished to see her. A faint and melancholy smile told him she understood him; and she walked towards the house. Ellesmere attended her, and offered his hand as he ascended the stairs. When they reached the door of the room, he would have retired; but Carlowitz saw him, and entreating him to come in, he obeyed.

Alexina eagerly approached her father,
who

who gave her his hand, which she held a moment between both hers, while he spoke to her in her native language ; and, as Ellefinere imagined, related the arrangements that had been made. Her answer, from the expression with which it was accompanied, he translated to be, “ I shall not go back to Warsaw, and leave you, then, my father !” Her dark eyes were filled with tears, yet she turned them towards Ellefinere ; seeming to wish she could explain how much she thought herself obliged to him ; and then sat down, uttering one of those deep drawn sighs which appear to relieve the heart after the sudden removal of any oppression.

Carlowitz looked at her with so much concern and tenderness, that Ellefinere felt more than ever gratified by the reflection, that he had assisted in relieving from the anguish of threatened separation, a father and a daughter so fondly attached to each other ; yet his heart was conscious of an acute pang, when he recollected that in a few moments he should

lose sight of Alexina, and probably might never see her again. Carlowitz now entered into conversation with Ellefmere, as well as he could, in French (of which he was by no means master) on the happy constitution of England, and the flourishing situation to which she had arisen, even after a war which had threatened her destruction. He touched on the hopes the people of Poland had entertained of assistance from the English; and could not help remarking, how soon they had forgot the conduct of the Empress of Russia towards them in their war against America; and the impolicy of her being allowed now to encrease her enormous power by the acquisition of so large a share of Poland. Ellefmere, who had never till then felt the least interest for the fate of a country which has so little influence on the politics of his own, had never considered the subject; the merits of which however Carlowitz was endeavouring to make him comprehend, when D'Alonville returned, followed by the hostess, who, with

with much civility, enquired whether they would remove into the best room she had below. This civility, the weak state of Carlowitz compelled him to refuse. He made some apologies to his friends, and besought them not to confine themselves to his room: they refused however to leave him; and a better dinner than the place seemed likely to afford, was served up; during which, Carlowitz gave them a slight sketch of his life, and of the events which had occasioned his expulsion from his country. As he spoke, his pale countenance became animated. His eyes flashed fire as he made the eulogium of the king of Poland; and his whole countenance lost its languor while he uttered sentiments of which D'Alonville had till then had no idea, and in which he found himself but little disposed to acquiesce; while Ellesmere, to whose opinions they were more congenial, looked upon him as an oracle; and felt from that, or some other cause,

increasing regret, from the reflection that they were so soon to part.

Above all, Ellesmere was impressed with veneration for that indifference to life which Carlowitz professed ; who declared that his fears only for Alexina had tempted him to submit to flight ; but that the agonies in which he saw her, the horror and dread she had of outliving him, and becoming a dependant on relations who had basely betrayed him, for their own security, had determined him to sacrifice to her a life which could now indeed be of no use to his country. “ And when I feel the ignominy of my condition,” cried he, “ I will look at Alexina, and I shall think myself again ennobled as her protector. When the idea of all I have lost recurs to me, I will remember the struggle I made to preserve it ; and what I *have been*, and *ought to be*, shall console me for what I am, or may be.” D’Alonville could not help remarking to himself, that the effect on his mind, of banish-

banishment and loss of property, was exactly the reverse ; and that it was what he *had been* and *ought to be*, that embittered to him every reflection on what he was, or might have been. As neither the father nor the daughter occupied his thoughts or his eyes so much as they appeared to do those of his English friend, his mind was gone back to Vienna ; and he was musing, as was become his custom when left a moment to himself, on his strange destiny, when the lateness of the hour suddenly occurred to him. He had not a watch, but he requested Ellesmere to look at his, who declared, with some surprise, that it was past two o'clock. He had hardly fancied it noon. It was time to go, if they did not design to let their companions proceed quite to Berlin without them. Carlowitz was sensible of the inconvenience they had already put themselves to, on his account, and entreated them to avoid those of darkness and tempest, which might too probably overtake them on their way, should they be under

the necessity of following on horseback farther than the next post-house. D'Alonville pressed their departure; but Ellesmere seemed unable to determine to go. At length, as no excuse remained for his stay, and the horses were ready at the door, the moment of bidding adieu to his two new friends could no longer be avoided. D'Alonville, who was really interested for their fate, as much as it was possible to be for persons of whom he knew so little, begged to hear of their arrival at Vienna — repeated the good wishes he had before expressed; and in a polite and easy manner took his farewell of Carlowitz; who expressed anew the warmest gratitude for all his kindness. He next approached Alexina, and with equal ease and civility took leave of her, kissing her hand, and wishing her every felicity. D'Alonville then went to his horse, leaving Ellesmere to manage his adieus as he could: they were so long, that D'Alonville became impatient, and was on the point of returning to hasten his

his

his lingering friend, when at length Ellefmere appeared, and silently mounting the horfe that was waiting, proceeded for a league almoft without fpeaking. D'Alonville took the occafion of their going flowly up an hill, to mention the friends they had left; and by Ellefmere's answers, he thought he difcovered more plainly what he had before fufpected: that the fair Alexina had made an impreffion on the heart of the young Englifhman; but fup- pofing it would be no more than one of thofe *gouts paffagers*, of which he had been accuftomed to think fo lightly, he took an opportunity flightly to rally Ellefmere, who answered him in raillery; but though it feemed as if he wifhed to efcape from the fubject, and to laugh it off, his long fits of gravity, and the deep fighs that efaped him, were not calculated to deftroy the notion D'Alonville entertained. As they had exhausted moft other topics of converfation, D'Alonville infenfibly led the difcourfe to the arrangements he had contrived for the conveyance

ance of Carlowitz and his daughter to Vienna ; and Ellefmere then faid, “there is in the character of that man something very fingular : he has an *originality of mind* that I have never met with before. I wifh I could have cultivated a farther acquaintance with him.”

‘ And with Mademoifelle his daughter too. I fancy, my dear friend, ſhe has her part in that wifh.’

“ I do dot deny it,” answered Ellefmere ; “ and though I could not converſe with her for want of language, ſhe has, if there be any truſting to the expreſſion of countenance, a ſoul as elevated as her father’s, ſoftened by the feminine virtues. Did you ever ſee a more intelligent, a more lovely countenance ?”

‘ Would you have me answer honeſtly ?’ replied D’Alonville. “ Honeſtly and plainly,” replied Ellefmere. ‘ Why then I own, that though I think Mademoifelle Carlowitz handſome, and allow her to have a very fine and graceful form, yet I have ſeen women, of whom the countenance

nance was more lovely, and equally intelligent.'

“My dear Chevalier,” cried Ellefmere, who seemed at least as much pleased with his dissent as if he had appeared equally fascinated, “your eyes have been accustomed to French beauty, till you have lost all taste for the great simple. I am persuaded now you would have thought Alexina perfectly lovely, had she first been pointed out to you in a box at the opera at Paris, as being a foreign beauty, whom it was the rage of the day to admire. Her unadorned loveliness is in too simple, too grand a style, if I may so express myself, to please a taste vitiated by the false glare of rouge, and the fantastic aid of fashionable dress. And thus I have often observed among most men who affect *ton* in England, and among almost all descriptions of men in France, that their taste is governed by fashion. A woman who is cried up as the beauty of the season, is declared to be divine ;
abso-

absolutely without equal. In a few months her novelty is gone ; another matchless creature appears ; and the first glides imperceptibly into oblivion, unless by some daring singularity of dress or conduct, she can support herself a few months longer."

' You will recollect, my friend,' answered D'Alonville, ' that I was never regularly initiated into the great world at Paris, having only passed a few months there at a time when the French were thinking more of politics than of the frivolous distinctions of which I believe you justly enough accuse them. To what happens in London, I can still say less ; but permit me to make one enquiry, and let that be, Whether the fair Alexina does not derive some of the extraordinary charms you find in her, from the distresses that surrounded her ? and whether a lovely nymph, wandering amidst woods and wilds, in pious attendance on a banished father, acquires not peculiar charms in
the

the eyes of my friend, who is a *little*, perhaps a *very little*, romantic?" To this Ellesmere answered, "You sometimes say to me, my friend, when I hazard a reflection or a sentiment which appears to you uncommon," Il faut être bien Anglois pour avoir une telle pensée; so I now reply, Que c'est être bien Francois que d'avoir une telle idée. No; though it is certain that the sweet attachment of Alexina to her father gives me the highest opinion of her heart and understanding, and though she has one of those graceful and attractive forms which is suited to adorn a landscape where nature puts on her awful and commanding features, yet I think, nay, I am sure, that the impression Alexina has made upon me, is not owing to any local circumstance. Wherever it had first been my chance to meet her, I should have been equally struck with her."

' You are really and absolutely in love, then,

then, with this northern beauty, after an acquaintance of four or five hours ?

“ In love ! Oh ! no not in love I hope, neither—if I made indeed as light of the matter as *vous autres*, I might say I was *mourant de amour* ; but in the sober sadness of an Englishman, I must go no farther than declaring, that if Alexina has the mind she appears to have, and if I was a man of fortune, and could marry, I should prefer her to fill up my scheme of happiness before any woman I ever saw. But alas ! as it is ; a younger brother, whose portion is the sword, the pulpit, or the bar ; and who, according to the equitable maxim adopted both in your country and mine, must scramble through the world as well as he can, that the elder branch may transmit the family estate, with only the burthens he shall himself place upon it to posterity, a younger brother has no business to think of a wife.”—“ And so,” added he with a sigh—“ we will talk no more of Alexina, at least

least for this time.' At the end of the stage D'Alonville and Ellefmere, contrary to their expectations, overtook their companions, who had waited for them, and they proceeded altogether, without any occurrence worth noticing, till they arrived at Berlin.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Ma tu non ti lasciar sì fieramente
 Veniere al tuo dolor: vinci te stesso
 Si vuoi vincere altrui.

GUARINI.

HOWEVER changed might be the spirit of the government since the death of Frederic the Great, long established modes of life, and the actual preparations for another campaign, which might repair the errors of the last, still gave to Berlin the appearance of a great garrison, rather than of the capital of a kingdom. D'Alonville was soon weary of a scene which presented little else than

“Man and steel; the Soldier and his sword *.”

Many families, of whom the fathers or husbands were gone or going to the army, had retired from Berlin to pass the time of their absence in the country; and among these was Madame Lewenstirn, the niece of the Abbe de St. Remi,

*Goldsmith.

whose husband had received orders to depart immediately for Flanders with a regiment he had raised ; and who had already taken leave of his wife, and was on the point of quitting Berlin when the Abbe and his friends arrived there

This, though it was what he might well have expected, was a severe mortification to the Abbe, who had depended upon the open and generous character of Colonel Lewenstirn for the most cordial reception of De Touranges, as well as of himself ; and in his power he thought it might be, to procure for his unhappy friend every information they were so anxious to obtain relative to a Count de Remesnil, who was said to have been at the court of Berlin, and who, there was reason to believe, was the uncle of Madame de Touranges, under an assumed name. In the hurry of the moment in which they found him, Colonel Lewenstirn could do no more than recommend the Abbe and his friends to the hospitable attention of a relation of his own, who
the

the next day accompanied them to the persons who were the most likely to give them the information they wanted. They soon learned that an old French nobleman, calling himself the Count de Remesnil, had resided for a short time at Berlin. He had two or three ladies belonging to him ; but these even the French, who knew by sight the person calling himself De Remesnil, had never seen, nor could they tell of what ages the ladies were, or by what names they were called. The description they gave of Monsieur de Remesnil himself, resembled that of the person they sought; but this was not very convincing evidence, as there was nothing remarkable enough about him to assure them, that many other men of the same age might not answer the same description. Distressing however as this uncertainty was, such was the distracted state of mind into which De Touranges was replunged, by his hopes of finding his family being thus delayed, if not baffled, that the watchful and indefatigable friendship of the Abbe

would

would then immediately have pursued the track of this Count de Remesnil, on the uncertain and vague light they had thus acquired ; but on closer investigation they could not discover which way he had gone when he left Berlin. To some of the French, with whom he had been slightly acquainted (for none had known him before they saw him there) he had talked of going to Holland ; others declared he had frequently spoken of seeking an asylum at Petersburg ; and two or three had heard him enquiring about England. But whither he had directed his course, none had enquired ; for every man was occupied with troubles of his own, or schemes to escape from them, and few thought of asking the intentions of a person whom they had never seen before, or might never see again. De Touranges, who had in an hundred instances acted with the same indifference himself, was now so irritated, as to be ready to quarrel with every man of his country whom he met, because they had failed to procure information which could not interest them. He felt disposed

disposed to accuse them of want of feeling, and of want of regard for their native land ; and as they were so little attentive to emigrants of rank, he was certain that many of them were Jacobins ; whom he was therefore inclined to run through the body. The remark is generally just, That sorrow softens, but despair hardens the heart. De Touranges experienced but little of its power to render the mind flexible : its power to irritate and inflame, he felt with but too much force. He was *angry alike at those that injured, and those that did not help ; careless to please where nothing could be gained, and fearless to offend where nothing farther was to be dreaded**. In this disposition of mind, the soothing friendship, or the calm reasoning, of the Abbe, equally lost their effect ; and his attachment for the unfortunate De Touranges was often put to the severest proof. It was in vain, he represented to his distracted friend, that the paroxysms of passion to which he thus

* Dr. Johnson.

yielded,

yielded, might encrease, but could not alleviate his calamities ; and that a plan, regularly pursued, would be infinitely more conducive to the object so near his heart. But after being embroiled in two or three quarrels, and exposing himself to the disagreeable probability of receiving an order to quit Berlin, he took the sudden resolution of returning to Vienna, and throwing himself into some of those corps of French which yet remained on the frontiers. He found that the Abbe de St. Remi had received an invitation from his niece Madame Lewenstirn, to make her residence his home; and that nothing but his reluctance to quit him, prevented his accepting such an offer. A young woman, in the absence of her husband, could not extend this invitation to a man of the figure and age of De Touranges ; but as he could not prevail upon the Abbe to leave him, after long arguments upon the subject, he resolved at least to put an end to his friend's difficulties on his account ; and having appeared

for a day or two more calm, and to be debating on what he should do, he suddenly departed in the night with his servant, putting into a packet directed to St. Remi, more than half the money he had left, together with a long letter, in which he declared to him, that any pursuit of him would be in vain; but that he would write wherever he might be. The excellent heart of St. Remi was extremely affected, both by his friend's departure, and the reasons he gave for it; but he had only to acquiesce, knowing the disposition of the Marquis too well to have attempted pursuing him, had the means been in his power. D'Alonville and Ellesmere did whatever was possible to console this respectable man, who was not insensible of their attention. In a few days after the departure of De Touranges, Madame Lewenstirn came to Berlin, on purpose to carry her uncle with her to her retirement. He was then compelled to bid adieu to his two young friends. To D'Alonville he gave much excellent advice

vice for his future conduct ; and found him more willing to receive it than the impetuous and irritable De Touranges. He made D'Alonville promise to write to him ; and parted with him with concern truly paternal. When he was gone, Ellesmere and D'Alonville, who had no longer any motive to stay at Berlin, prepared to depart also. The latter had again the whole world before him, without any particular motive to determine him to any part of it, unless it were those which had for some time made him wish to hazard a return to France. His English friend, Ellesmere, was the only person who now seemed interested for his fate : with him he canvassed every project for the future as it arose in his mind ; and every conversation ended with Ellesmere's persuading him to go with him to England. " If you afterwards determine to go to France," said he, " though to me it appears the wildest and most impracticable scheme imaginable, from whence can you go with so much convenience as from Eng-

land? Though I have not, my friend, an house to offer you, being only a younger brother, and not knowing what is to be my own destiny, yet it may be in my power to be of some use to you; and if events should turn out more favourable than they at present promise, you may not be sorry to pass a few weeks in England on your way back to your own country."

D'Alonville shook his head sorrowfully.

'Ah, my dear Sir,' replied he, 'you should not hold out to me visions so flattering, and so little likely to be realized.

Once, indeed, I thought to have visited England as a traveller, for pleasure and instruction. Now, as what am I to appear there? As one of those unhappy strangers, of whose numbers, notwithstanding the generosity of your country, are already a subject of complaint.' Recollections of those happy days, when every object wore for him aspects so different, now crowded on his mind; but Ellesmere, whose friendship for him was equally warm and sincere, would not leave him to
these

these melancholy reflections, but appeared so sincerely desirous of their remaining together, and offered so many reasons why he should go to England, that D'Alonville at length determined upon it. After staying about ten days at Berlin, they quitted it, and took their road to Hamburgh, where they intended to embark for England. On their way, the conversation frequently turned on their Polish friends, of whom Ellesmere as frequently expressed the utmost solicitude to hear. Absence, and the little probability there was that he should ever see her again, had not diminished the tender admiration that he felt for Alexina; and when he indulged himself by talking of her in a rapturous style, D'Alonville frequently rallied him on the figure he would make among his countrywomen, should it be known of him, that he had left his heart with a Polonese whom he met wandering in a German forest. Ellesmere, in his turn, accused his friend of insensibility; "or rather," he said, "you deny the existence

of charms in Alexina, because you have in your memory some model of perfection, which she does not at all resemble. Ah Chevalier! you are not, I believe, exempt from that taste in gallantry that has been imputed to your country. This charming Madame D'Alberg, this Adriana, of whom I have heard you speak—Confess, my friend, that for this imperial beauty, you feel that preference which you wonder at my feeling for the lovely pilgrim.”

‘No, upon my honour,’ answered D’Alonville, very gravely; ‘I never was so ungrateful, or so much of a coxcomb, as to think of Madame D’Alberg otherwise than as a sister, to whom I owe the greatest obligations; nor do I recollect calling her by the familiar name of Adriana, unless when I have been repeating to you conversations between her mother and her, or her mother and me; and I assure you, my dear Ellesmere, you might as well suspect me of a penchant for the respectable Baroness de Rosenheim, as for her daughter.’

“But

“ But this Theresa, to whom I saw you writing the other day ? ”

‘ Theresa is the confidential servant of Madame D’Alberg. It is by her means only that my friends can hear of me. Their generous sollicitude for my safety, induced them to propose my writing, by directing my letters to her. I have obeyed them but only once since I bade them adieu. I do not mean often to avail myself even of this permission, lest it should be attended with inconvenience to them.’ D’Alonville, however, never renewed the mention of his German friends without a sigh ; and Ellesmere, though he forbore to repeat his suspicions of his being attached to Madame D’Alberg, when he saw those suspicions really gave him pain, could not help continuing to believe that his young friend had given to the German Count more cause of uneasiness than he was willing to allow.

Ellesmere sometimes talked of the persons to whom he hoped to have an opportunity of introducing him in England.

“ We will go down together to the old hall in Staffordshire,” said he, “ for my father and mother are worthy kind of folks enough, and are always glad to see me, and any friend I bring with me, for a month or so. As to my sisters, they are good girls, not very handsome; and they have been educated, except the eldest, almost entirely in the country; so that they are not of the *haut ton*. You, who have lived, I suppose, among women of the first style in France, will be in no danger of falling in love with them, even though you are not, by your predilection, in favour of some other, secured from the attractions of my fair countrywomen.”

‘ I might be in imminent danger,’ answered D’Alonville, ‘ if that were all my security, and especially as I have heard so much of the beauty of English ladies; but alas! my friend, the unfortunate exiles who now seek an asylum in your country, are not likely to engage in gallantries; or whatever others may be, I believe I dare venture to assure you, that I shall

shall never so far violate the laws of hospitality in the house of my friend's father, should I be admitted there. Every woman will have my respect; but none, whatever may be their charms, will, I trust, occasion me to forget what I owe to the confidence and hospitality that admits me.' "You take the matter too seriously," replied Ellefmere. "If the girls were handsome, I don't know why you should not like them as well as another; or why you should not say so; but perhaps, you are determined, my friend, to shew an uncontrovertible instance of what has been often asserted within these two years, that the French and the English nations have changed characters. You, a volatile Frenchman, seem at one-and-twenty to be a Stoic: I, a phlegmatic Englishman, two years older, am falling desperately in love every step I take with some nymph or other."

'The change, if it be one,' answered D'Alonville, 'is easily accounted for; at least as far as relates to us, as individuals.

You may freely indulge the fallies of your imagination, for you are secure of being received, after all your *egarements*, by a family who love you, in a country where security and prosperity await you; but I must be, indeed, more naturally volatile than the most volatile of my countrymen ever were even in the proudest days of France, if the reverse of fortune, which *I* have experienced, did not check my levity. I had a father, a brother, fortune, friends, and prospects of a still more brilliant destiny: I had learned to be proud of my country. I now blush to be called a Frenchman; and if ever I enter that country again, what shall I be destined to behold!

“ Dans des fleuves de sang, tant d’innocens plangés

“ Le fer de tous cotes devestant cet empire

“ Tous ces champs de carnage.”

VOLTAIRE.

Such,’ continued D’Alonville, ‘ are the spectacles which continually haunt my imagination; and I own to you, embitter my existence so entirely, that it is hardly worth having.’ Their journey passed without

without any remarkable occurrence. They reached Hamburgh on the last day of December, and embarking on board a merchant-ship which lay ready to sail, arrived in the usual course of time, and without any remarkable occurrence, in the Thames; where, quitting the vessel, they took a post-chaise, which in a few hours set them down at an hotel in London.

CHAP. V.

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other; Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

COWPER.

THE avenues that lead from the banks of the river to the immense capital of the British empire, are ill calculated to impress a stranger with the idea that he is entering the first city in the world. It was almost night-fall when D'Alonville passed through the Borough and through the city; and at such a season of the year, and such a time of the evening, every object appeared to him as dark and dreary as his own destiny. Though accompanied by Ellesmere, he had, on his landing, experienced some of that behaviour by which the lower class of people in England disgrace themselves in their conduct towards foreigners; and while the mob had abused both D'Alonville

ville and Ellefmere as Frenchmen on their going on shore, the authorized enquiries of the Custom-house, evidently indicated unusual suspicion and mistrust. It was at the period when every foreigner was suspected of being a Jacobin, and when there were undoubtedly many agents of that society sent round Europe, at once, to inform their club of the disposition of other countries ; and to blow up every spark of spirit, resembling that which had occasioned in their own so dreadful a conflagration. To the antipathy which the inferior class of the English have been taught to entertain against every other nation, but particularly against the French, together with the numbers that had lately taken shelter in England, was now added doubts, lest every foreigner was an incendiary : and the assurances of Ellefmere, on behalf of his friend, were hardly sufficient to secure him from molestation. To a stranger, so imperfectly acquainted with the language, as to be unable to follow their rapid dialogue, the loud tones

tones and rough language used on such occasions, seem doubly harsh and menacing; the specimen of national hospitality with which D'Alonville was greeted on his first touching English ground, was not very flattering, nor much calculated to raise his depressed spirits.

The unceasing attention, however, of his friend, who would not go to his usual lodgings, but remained at the hotel with him, and the cheerfulness and neatness of every thing around him, a good supper, and an excellent bed, re-animated in some degree the weary wanderer; and the next morning, while Ellesmere wrote to his friends in Staffordshire, D'Alonville found himself disposed to give to the Abbe de St. Remi a much more favourable description of England and Englishmen, than he had been inclined to do the evening before.

It was at this period that the cruel mockery of trying the injured and insulted King of France was carrying on at Paris; and though nobody then imagined
that

that the Convention would have been so impolitic as to have committed an action which, without answering any possible purpose, made enemies of every considerable power of Europe; yet, while the master to whom his father's life had been dedicated, to whom he had himself sworn allegiance, was suffering the ignominy of being arraigned as a criminal, and while public expectation fearfully awaited the event, D'Alonville did not think it consistent for one of his nation, and in his situation, to appear in public places; he declined therefore the pressing instances of Ellefmere, who was eager to shew him whatever was most worth seeing in London; and when his friend at his earnest entreaty left him of an evening to join his acquaintance, he remained at the hotel, where he had but too much time to meditate on his situation.

Every day indeed in which he passed through the streets of London, gave him occasion for "meditation, even to madness." He saw numbers of his countrymen

men thrown from every comfort of life, on the bounty of a nation, which, by an effort of generosity, conquered, or at least concealed, their ancient enmity, to lend them assistance. Yet while the English with one hand rescued; with the other they seemed disposed to draw the sword against a whole people, of which the mass appeared to be fullied with crimes unknown before in the history of mankind. To the common people of England, who have little means of distinguishing, all foreigners were formerly considered as Frenchmen. They now heard of the atrocities committed by the French as a nation; and having still less the power of discrimination, involved every one of that nation in universal condemnation; adding to their long-rooted national hatred, the detestation raised by these horrors, of which every day brought some new detail. This made London an abode extremely uneasy to D'Alonville. He knew that of the English nation, it now might be said, in respect to its conduct towards his country-

countrymen, as was said of one of its most illustrious literary characters, of whose tendernefs of heart and harshnefs of manners fo much has been related *—

“If all he fays is rough, all he does is gentle.”

And that while he was hissed and insulted in the streets of London, there was hardly an opulent, or even easily-circumftanced family in the houfes that formed thofe streets, but what had contributed to relieve the neceffities of the French, who had been thrown destitute on their fhore; yet was there fo much pain in every reflection that croffed his mind on this fubject, that his dejection every hour encreafed; nor could he fometimes help asking himfelf, as he fat alone of an evening, What he had to do in England? What he had to do in London?

Alas! thefe questions ferved only to introduce another—“What had he to do anywhere?” Nothing, in truth, but to return to the Continent, and enter again

* Mrs. Piozzi of Dr. Johnson.

into the army, or to endeavour to get into France, disguised and unknown; there to join those who, revolted by the infamous measures that had lately been taken, were secretly endeavouring to re-establish their dethroned monarch.

This last part appeared to D'Alonville the most desirable: He wrote therefore to the Marquis de Magnivillers (for the communication between the two countries was yet open) couching his letter in such terms as he thought least likely to be understood, should it be intercepted, directed under a feigned name; and giving him, with the same precautions, an address where he might be heard of in London; and determining to wait no longer in England than till he could obtain an answer, which might serve as a guide to his future conduct, he readily accepted the continual invitation of Ellefmere (which was warmly repeated in letters his friend received from Sir Maynard and Lady Ellefmere) and agreed to go with him to the family-feat in Staffordshire.

D'Alon-

D'Alonville had been introduced during his short stay in London, to Mr. Ellefmere, the elder brother of his friend, and his wife, Lady Sophia. But though they were well bred, and spoke French like people of education, D'Alonville was never tempted to renew the visit, though he received a civil common-place invitation. Mr. Ellefmere seemed immersed in politics, and gave very little attention to whatever passed that had nothing to do with his pursuits. His wife was a fine lady, and rather a prettyish woman: she passed her mornings in going from shop to shop, occupied in the study of uniting two objects which do not easily assimilate, shew and œconomy. It was necessary for Lady Sophia to be well dressed, to have every thing in the most fashionable style, and even to be quoted as a model of elegance for the imitation of others; but as the finances of her husband (though the whole family were sacrificed to the splendor of his establishment) were by no means equal to the disburse-

disbursement necessary to this end, if it were to be obtained only of the most expensive devisers of fashion, Lady Sophia condescended to encounter, several times in the week, the thick atmosphere of the City, or Holborn-hill; and the materials thus purchased, were, by her own ingenuity, aided by that of a female cousin and her own maid, so well arranged, that for appearance, she was allowed to rank high in the list of fashion. But as, from his pursuits, her husband had acquired a set of ideas peculiar to the persons he lived among, Lady Sophia her *her* head filled with the names of warehouses and millinery rooms, cheap hosiers, and places where contraband dealers secretly disposed of the articles of their illicit commerce. Such speculations were so constantly in her mind, that she had hardly time to qualify herself for the small talk of the day; but this was usually supplied for her by the female cousin, who possessed every talent and every accomplishment; who was the model of fashion and the
oracle

oracle of wit, understood all sciences and all languages, and lived only among people of the very first world, and foreigners of distinction. D'Alonville did not happen to meet this combination of all that was admirable and attractive; but heard from Lady Sophia, how concerned she was that Miss Milington was engaged that evening to dine with her aunt, the Duchefs of —, to meet the Duke of —, and a long list of ambassadors and plenipos. D'Alonville cared very little for the disappointment, nor did he recollect the name, when talking with his friend Ellesmere, as they travelled together towards Stafford, of the days they had passed in London, and the people they had seen. Ellesmere exclaimed against the generality of the women. “What moppets they are!” said he. “Is there one among the dressed dolls we met the other day at dinner at my brother's, or those who formed the circle in the evening, that a man, who has five ideas, can ever think of a second time? Can any

any human being be less rational than my sister-in-law, Lady Sophia? And yet these women are, what are called, accomplished."

'And I dare say they are so,' replied D'Alonville; 'and surely some of them, many of them, must be allowed to be handsome.'

"Yes, your French taste perhaps may call them so; and that, my dear friend, is the very fault I find with your taste. Their beauty is mere gilding and painting, like the fitting up of your rooms; and for their accomplishments—the very name of them disgusts me."

'Really, my good friend,' answered D'Alonville, 'if I did not know you so well as I do, I should suspect that, in thus dissenting from the general opinion, you affected singularity. What are then the accomplishments which you admire?'

"Oh! not what are called so by courtesy; not playing a dozen lessons on a harp, or a piano-forte, which interrupt all conversation, and tire the unfortunate
hearers

hearers to death ; not painting a rose and an heart's-ease, which, if one did not know them by prescription, might as well be a piony and an auricula ; not speaking a few phrases of French with a broad English accent, and calling every foreigner *Mounsbere*, as I heard one of those Miss Westwoods call you ; girls that are said to be well educated, though I think them hateful, little, formal, conceited things ! Oh ! deliver me from *such* accomplishments !”

‘ Well,’ said D’Alonville, ‘ but this Mademoiselle, whose name I did not hear enough to remember—the lady of whom Lady Sophia said so much ?’

“ Aye, Miss Milfington. What, your curiosity was raised, my good friend, by the mention of Miss Milfington !—No, I will not attempt it, for it is impossible to describe her ; nor would I diminish, by giving you a foretaste of what she is, the pleasure it must, I think, give you to see ! (for you will probably see her one day or

or other) a non descript in the female world."

' But is she handsome ?'

" Beauty, you know, depends upon taste."

' Let me put the question in another manner. Do you think her handsome?'

" She is not very young," answered Ellesmere, smiling, and evading the question ; " but that (if you retain the taste established not many years since in France) may diminish none of her perfections in your eyes."

' The lady,' said D'Alonville, ' appears to be not more a favourite than those we have already canvassed'—

" Yet her *accomplishments* I do not deny," continued Ellesmere. " She certainly speaks your language like a native of France ; understands and speaks Italian ; is so much mistress of music as to compose ; and, as far as I know, executes every other lady-like science, in their respective lines, like an *artiste*. Yet you see that, highly allied, and living always among

among people of fashion, and *tout paitrie*, to borrow an expression which my own language does not furnish, with all these graces, Miss Milfington is unmarried: a proof that I am not singular in my opinion of her, though I believe I am extremely singular in having the courage to own it."

'In a word,' said D'Alonville, 'she is not at all like the beautiful Polonese, Alexina?'

"Alexina!" replied Ellefmere, "Alexina! By heavens there is no more resemblance between them, than between the Medicean Venus and one of those cherry-cheeked figures, clad in red and green, which a Jew carries about on a board."

'La comparaison est un peu fort,' cried D'Alonville.

On their arrival late in the evening, at Eddisbury Hall, the seat of Sir Maynard, they found a group assembled of very different characters from those that Ellefmere had treated with so much severity.

Sir Maynard Ellefmere was now turned

of sixty. In his person he resembled the idea given in the old Ballad of "The old Courtier of the Queens†;" and in his manners he observed much of the formality and ceremony now so generally exploded. Though he had been disappointed in his views of aggrandizing and enriching his house, by some of those comfortable sinecures which make up to so many noble families for the prodigality or unrequited zeal of their ancestors, he was still the most loyal of country-gentlemen, and held in utter abhorrence, all who did not implicitly believe in the infallibility of powers and princes. His detestation of all such persons was supposed to be considerably augmented, since a neighbouring estate, larger than his own, had been purchased by a rich Dissenter, who, from a very humble origin, had risen to great wealth, by being concerned in a manufacture in an adjoining county. Though no intercourse had ever subsisted between the two houses, so great was the

† Old English Poetry.

enmity

enmity Sir Maynard bore the proprietor of this estate, that he would not suffer his family to notice any persons around them who visited this obnoxious Presbyterian; and dismissed the apothecary, whose ancestors had for two generations felt the pulse of the Ellesmere family, because he had been too assiduous in paying his court to the new comers, and had made his visits at Eddisbury Hall, during a fit of the rheumatism (to which Lady Ellesmere was subject) with less alacrity, as Sir Maynard fancied, than he used to do when his attention was not divided with this opulent patient. In other respects, Sir Maynard was a good neighbour, and affected popularity. His table was more hospitable than his fortune could with prudence allow; and he made a very respectable figure as chairman of the sessions, and foreman of the grand jury. He was a good master, and his servants grew old in his service; and as a husband and a father, he had through life acquitted himself well. The only error he had com-

mitted being perhaps sacrificing too much to the eldest son of the family, which promised to have no favourable effect on the destiny of his five other children. Lady Ellefmere was one of those women to whom might be applied, with great truth, the epithet which usually means nothing, that of a *very good sort of woman*. She had been handsome in her youth, without being vain; and though she brought Sir Maynard a good fortune, being a co-heiress, she had resigned with great cheerfulness her house in town and, when it became necessary to retrench their expences, retired to the country, where she had supplied, as well as she could, to her three daughters, the deficiencies which inevitably happened in their education from want of masters, which only London could supply. But though she had been well educated herself, she was not a great proficient in what are called accomplishments: and the instructions she gave were rather useful than ornamental: such as were likely to make her daughters good wives to country-

country-gentlemen, allowing these to be what they once were. For such wives, however, it did not appear that there now existed any demand. Miss Ellemere was in her twenty-seventh year. Without being very handsome, she had an agreeable countenance, and a genteel figure; but there was an air of melancholy about her, which was imputed to a disappointment she had met with, a few years before, when a marriage between her and a young clergyman had been broken off, upon Sir Maynard finding it impossible to fulfil, in regard to her fortune, the engagement he at first seemed willing to enter into, on behalf of his daughter. Miss Mary, the second daughter, a year younger than D'Alonville's friend, was a sprightly girl of two-and-twenty; who did not take much pains to conceal the reluctance with which she should wither on the virgin thorn, only that her elder brother might have a few thousands less to pay out of the family-estate. Though she was not handsome,

there was something smart and piquant in her whole appearance ; and at the public meetings of the county, where she had within the last eighteen months been seen (for Lady Ellesmere kept her as long as she could from coming out, as it is called) she had been enough the object of admiration to make her long to try her fortune in London. For this purpose she had imagined a little plan to procure an invitation from Lady Sophia ; but she had failed, as Lady Sophia seemed not to like either the trouble or expence of introducing her husband's sisters into circles where their appearance could not be supported by their father, but by lessening his allowance to his eldest son. Miss Mary, therefore, was compelled to remain the belle of rural balls ; and to limit her present hopes of conquest to the very few young men who were within twenty miles. Her younger sister, Theodora, was about eighteen ; but not being tall, and very fair, she passed for at least three years younger ; and was dressed and
treated

treated as a child. The younger brother of the family, who was designed by Sir Maynard for the church, had been just entered at Oxford, on leaving Eaton College; but he was now at home; for the festivals of the Christmas recess, and those which celebrate the commencement of the new year, were not yet over, when Edward Ellesmere introduced to the family thus described, his friend, the Chevalier D'Alonville.

CHAP. VI.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKESPEARE.

SIR Maynard Ellefinere received the foreign friend of his son with the hospitality of an English gentleman, and the politeness of a courtier of fifty years ago. He had almost entirely forgotten his French; but he tried, in favour of D'Alonville's supposed ignorance of English, to recover such common phrases as he could recollect; which did not however much accelerate the conversation. There was a native and simple civility about D'Alonville, which had not yet been spoiled by the affectation of the day. He neither wearied his friends with bows and fine speeches, or, as is now more usual, sat absent or yawning. Sir Maynard was pleased with his manner; and what Edward Ellefinere had related to him

him of his tender and affectionate attendance of his father, confirmed this impression in his favour. When, therefore, Sir Maynard discovered that he understood English, he found great pleasure in conversing with him; expressed his approbation of his political sentiments; and the first day at dinner made him drink Eternal Confusion to all Dissenters, Roundheads, and Sans Cullottes. D'Alonville had no very clear notion of what the two first were; but imagining by their being joined to the other, that they might be the English species of the same genus, he swallowed as much wine as Sir Maynard thought necessary to direct, towards their extirpation. When these potations were at their height, Edward Ellesmere contrived to glide off; for though Sir Maynard did not *drink*, according to the English meaning of the word, yet there was sometimes a period after dinner when he became extremely eloquent, and insisted, somewhat at large, on his great services to government, the sacrifices he

had made, and the hardship he thought it to be discarded after a life so loyally passed, and duties so ably fulfilled. All this was very true; but Edward Ellesmere had heard it so often, that he left his friend, to whom it had at least the advantage of novelty, to listen to it alone; and went up to a little study which had been fitted up for him near his own room, where his second sister presently came to him.

“ Well, Mary,” said he, as she entered, “ have you examined what I have brought you from London? Tell me, have I fulfilled all my commissions well?”

‘ You are a dear soul,’ answered Miss Mary; ‘ and the things, particularly the bonnets, are divine. What a sweet cloke you have brought Mamma; only I think it too young for her.’

“ Oh! as to that, it was no affair of mine, you know. Lady Sophia did condescend to order that; but for your millinery, and Elizabeth’s, and Theodora’s, she declared that she could as soon fly as give
any

any attention to all those things; for she was in the midst, not of preparing herself for the birth-day (for you know she does not go to court) but of superintending the dresses of I know not how many Lady Franceses and Lady Carolines, whose names she ran over. 'There was that Miss Milfington with her; and I would not have staid five minutes longer in the room to have been made a peer; so I even took D'Alonville with me, and we went about among the smart milliners, and chose your fineries ourselves. I believe we have exceeded my orders a little in point of expence; but if my mother should think it too much, I must manage the difference as well as I can, though I assure you, my dear Mopsy, I am come back the poorest traveller in the three kingdoms." 'Oh, Ned,' answered Miss Mary, 'you are such a good creature, that I want to have you rich; and I want to find an heiress for you. Do you know we have been all fancying you might carry off this little nabobess that has just

now made her appearance. She is really pretty ; she is to be at the ball on Tuesday, and we long to have you contrive to engage her.'

"Chimeras !" cried Ellefmere. "I promise thee, my sweet Mary, that I shall never marry a nabobs, or an heiress of any description. A pair of colours, and the honour of being shot at by Messieurs les Patriots, is, I believe my decided destination ; but you do not tell me what you think of my friend ; is he not a very fine young fellow ?"

'Y—e—s,' answered the Lady slowly, and only as half assenting ; 'he is handsome ; that is, I should think him a very handsome man, perhaps, if he was not a Frenchman.' "And does that single circumstance," cried Ellefmere laughing, "change your opinion of his person ? Alas ! my sister, is it not a little owing to the circumstances under which you see him, rather than to his country, that makes him appear in a light so little advantageous ? I would not have D'Alonville's

ville's figure and a French dukedom in your way, Mary." "No," said she, hesitating; "'tis not that I assure you: but somehow, I don't like foreigners."

"Your somehow," replied her brother, "is a word of great force and effect; but however we will not argue this matter any farther, Mopsy; for I do not want my friend to be in love with you, nor you in love with my friend. Such an arrangement would suit neither party. We men are no great judges of one another, it is true; but I assure you, that had I a favourite nymph, without your happy prejudice of not liking a foreigner *somehow*, I should not introduce to her my friend D'Alonville; nor should I have brought him down hither, had I not known that there was nothing to fear for my cold pensive nun Elizabeth; for you, who are looking out for a fortune and a title, and besides do not like foreigners *somehow*; nor for the little snow-drop, Theodora—" "Theodora, indeed!" exclaimed Miss Mary: "it is curious to
name

name that child, as thinking of or being thought of by a lover ; Mamma would be mightily delighted to have such stuff put into her head. She is safe indeed : yes, I think so !

“ Nay, be not angry, sister Mary ; Theodora shall have *no* lover till she is forty, if you are not disposed of first ; so let us be friends again, and go down to tea in my mother’s dressing-room.”

On their arrival they found D’Alonville already seated between Lady Ellesmere and her eldest daughter, and assisting the latter to make tea. Lady Ellesmere endeavoured to shew him all the civility in her power ; for her heart, naturally good, was interested for every body in distress ; she had at length been made to comprehend that he was a gentleman who had left his country in hopes of returning to re-instate his dethroned king ; and seeing his situation in this light, she felt for him pity and respect ; but to the strange scenes that had been passing for so long a time in France, her curiosity had till now
been

been very little directed. She was one of those women who, content with an home-prospect, never risk the sobriety of their understanding by attempting the giddy heights of science. Kings and politicians occupied her attention no otherwise than when she read of the places they had to give. She wished her son Ellesmere, the great object of her ambition, had one of them ; but of despotic government, of limited monarchy, or republicanism, she had not a single idea ; and never knew from whence originated the revolution in France, of which, without ever attending to it, she had been hearing for four years. Sir Maynard had told her several times, *but she always forgot* ; and was indeed as much a *poco curante* as Mrs. Shandy herself, in a thousand things about which half the world was running mad.

But however indifferent she might be to what passed at a distance, in the scene immediately near her she took the liveliest interest. She bore the most perfect goodwill to the generality of her neighbours, except

except always the rich Presbyterian, whom she hated as much as it was her nature to hate any one ; though why she was to hate him, except that he was rich, and an upstart of yesterday, she never understood ; for of the tendency which Sir Maynard supposed this man, and all his sect, had to republican principles, she had no notion ; but thought it quite a sufficient cause of dislike, that such a man, who was only a tradesman, had a large house, a fine estate, and all the luxuries which ought exclusively to belong to people of birth. Every other family around them paid them some sort of deference ; and Lady Ellesmere had pleasure in promoting meetings where her daughters were the first in rank, and looked up to as the leaders of fashion. As the obnoxious neighbour was from these sociable parties carefully excluded, none disputed with the Ellesmere family the pre-eminence in birth, beauty, elegance, or wealth ; and the young ladies usually returned satisfied with every thing but the
chance

chance these meetings gave them of changing their names. Year after year they had passed in the same dull succession: the same dances, the same faces, the same conversation, had regularly been danced, looked at, and heard, since Miss Ellesmere was fourteen. Her unfortunate attachment had been formed during a visit in Oxfordshire; and it was now the source of that languor and indifference which gave her the appearance of being haughty and reserved. Miss Mary, younger and more sanguine, was already wearied by the same scene; but now the calling out of the militia, the arrival of the only daughter of a rich East Indian on a visit to a neighbouring family, and some other strangers coming among them, together with the return of her second brother from abroad, contributed to animate her spirits, and to reconcile her to another winter passed in the country; while her mother, who began to fear that her eldest daughter might never marry, was very anxious to have Mary appear to the best
advan-

advantage ; and was now occupied in the various arrangements necessary for a ball at a neighbouring town, which was to take place on the following day save one.

Lady Ellesmere had heard that all the French were great dancers ; and she concluded that D'Alonville would be very happy at a ball. She talked therefore to him of this great event, as if it had been an affair of weight enough to interest all the world ; and observed (albeit unused to observe) that he heard her without any expressions of satisfaction. She was still more surprised, when Ellesmere told her his friend had no intention of going ; not thinking it proper for a native of France to appear at a place of public entertainment, while so many of his countrymen were exposed to the greatest distress, and his sovereign arraigned before a tribunal of his subjects. Of these kind of sentiments Lady Ellesmere had no idea. She could not be made to understand, why a young man should shun an amusement, when his doing so could not remedy the evils

evils he lamented. She did not consider that, to a stranger, an assembly of people who he never saw before, and might never see again, was wholly indifferent: but thus it is, that those who are not in habits of reflecting, or of mingling in various scenes of life, nothing is so difficult as to enter into the sentiments of others; and consequently nothing so rare as to see people do as they would be done by. Lady Ellesmere, though nothing would have alarmed her more than to suppose a young man situated as D'Alonville was, and of another country and another religion, should presume to think of one of her daughters; yet was not pleased that he shewed no ambition to recommend himself to them. Miss Mary, though she would have preferred a young Ensign in the militia, who was heir to a good fortune, for a partner, was yet mortified that she should not have an opportunity of shewing the handsome foreigner to the neighbouring misses, and of shewing too that her charms had equal influence on
men

men of all nations. But being no more able to comprehend than her mother, that a man of D'Alonville's age and figure would decline an amusement without some very good reason, she took it into her head that he had conceived a partiality for her sister Theodora, and had an intention of passing the afternoon with her. Her indignation was roused by the very idea; and she determined, if such was his project, to defeat it, by directing the servants to send the French gentleman supper in at eleven o'clock; and procured from her mother a strict charge to the old woman, who had acted at once as nurse and governess in the family to the younger children, not to let Miss Theodora go down. D'Alonville handed the ladies into their carriage, and returned with great punctuality the low bows and solemn apologies which Sir Maynard made for the indecorum of leaving him; while he shook his friend Edward by the hand, and in French, in an half-whisper, he bade him try to find in the fortune of the
young

young heiress, about whom his sisters had been rallying him, a panacea for the wound which he had received from a certain pair of dark eyes in the woods of Bohemia. When the carriages drove away, D'Alonville returned melancholy and pensive to his friend's little book-room; where he desired he might pass the evening. It was the first time he had been alone for some weeks, for he could hardly fancy himself so in the noise and hurry of London, where, though nothing amused him, every thing distracted his attention. He felt relieved by being now for a few hours left to his own reflections; for the extreme civility of Sir Maynard, the questions of the ladies, and even the attentions of his friend, were sometimes oppressive to him; and since his three days residence at Eddisbury-hall, he had once or twice almost involuntarily repeated,

“Encore si je pouvois libre dans mon malheur,”

“Par des larmes au moins, soulager ma douleur.”

He was no sooner alone, than he drew
from

from his pocket a letter he had that day received from the Abbe de St. Remi. It gave a most melancholy account of the situation of many French, with whom D'Alonville was acquainted, and particularly of the unfortunate De Touranges; who had written to him (the Abbe) in a manner so expressive of the state of his mind, "that I am," said the good man, "more than ever uneasy about him; and though I possess here the tranquillity which I cannot hope for, if I return again to the seat of war, it seems to me, my dear Chevalier, to be my duty to follow the fate of my unhappy pupil. He has been engaged, from the faults of a temper naturally impetuous, and now irritated by misfortune and disappointment, in two or three quarrels; which are not only of very ill consequence to himself, but injurious to the emigrant French in general; who are everywhere received with suspicion and mistrust, and who cannot be too careful not to offend even the prejudices of the nations whose hospitality they claim.

You

You will not suspect me of a disposition to blame my own nation, yet less to discover faults in the character of a man, to the forming of whose youth I have dedicated so many years of my life, and of whose maturity I formed such sanguine hopes; but adversity so unexpected and so heavy, how few can sustain! *You*, my dear Chevalier, are one of those that, disappointed as I am in beholding the ravage it makes on the mind of De Touranges, I still believe will nobly sustain the severest trials; and to you, assured of being heard, I will say, in the words of Cicero,

“ I would not omit this opportunity of
“ entreating and exhorting you to bear
“ your afflictions as becomes a man of your
“ distinguished spirit and fortitude. In other
“ words, let me conjure you to support with
“ resolution those common vicissitudes of
“ fortune which no prudence can prevent,
“ and for which no mortal is answerable.”

“ The time must come, my friend,
when Heaven shall avenge its cause.
Dark as our prospects now are, the clouds
will disappear; even the cruel persecu-
tion

tion of our unhappy monarch will produce a favourable change in our affairs ; the power usurped and abused, that has brought him to a trial, must, whether it acquits or condemns him, find it has gone too far. They will discover that it is impossible to imprison him and his family for their lives ; and that they dare not consummate their crime by taking his life, lest the indignation of the people should conquer their fears (for, be assured, by terror only the populace has been restrained) ; and that the atrocities that have been committed have so astonished and intimidated them, that they have suffered to pass as their actions, the villany of a hired banditti*. That calm dignity with which LouisXVI. endures the unworthy treatment these monsters load him with ; and their failing, as they evidently do, in supporting the most material of those charges which in this mockery of a trial they bring against him, will have its effects.

* On the melancholy 21st of January, 1793, all the women of Paris were in tears : and the precautions taken at the fatal scene, prove how much it was dreaded that the real sentiments of the people should appear.

“ Our king has been sometimes ill advised. The softness, or if you will, the mild indolence of his temper, occasioned his yielding too easily to the judgment of people whose understanding was inferior to his own ; and to opinions given almost always from interested, and generally from wicked motives ; but to repeat an expression which an Englishman used to me the other day, from his favourite Shakespeare, he is

“ A man more sinned against than sinning.”

He never meant ill to the people: he was no tyrant, as he has been absurdly called. The fortitude with which he has borne a reverse of fortune beyond example, proves that his conscience acquits him : for what, my friend, can in such bitter moments lend courage to the sufferer, but the consciousness of not having merited the evils under which we suffer? I quote, on this occasion, some lines from an author I do not love ; but they are applicable:

“ Quand le ciel en colere *

“ De ceux qu’il persecute a comble la misere

“ Il les soutient souvent dans le sein des douleurs

“ Et leur donne un courage egal a leur malheurs.”

After all this, my young friend, which should serve as a preparation against the worst news you can hear as an individual, I venture to tell you that I know, from undoubted authority, your brother, who ought to bear the respectable name of De Fayolles, and to be anywhere rather than where he is, is now one of the most violent leaders of the faction who are deluging with blood our unhappy country, and appears under the name Du Bosse. Forgive me for repeating to you this unwelcome news, if you have not before heard it. These are times when men of sense must make up their minds to endure domestic as well as public misfortunes. Alas! the former are almost always the necessary consequence of the latter.

“ I believe you have regard enough for me to bear with a little egotism. I will

* Voltaire.

tell

tell you, then, that after some deliberation, I have determined to rejoin my unhappy pupil, De Touranges, and even to follow him back to our devoted country, if thither he persists in returning. Though, if it be attended with danger to him, I, who probably shall still less escape danger, may say, “*Neque vero tum ignorabat se ad crudelissimum hostem, et ad supplicia prolificisci**. Write to me immediately, my friend, and give me an account of yourself and our fellow-travellers; whose liberality of sentiment and amiable manners have left on my mind the most favourable impressions. I cannot conclude my letter more properly than by recommending to your constant recollection these often quoted and admired lines of our great poet † :

“Celui qui met un frein a la fureur des flots,
 “Sait aussi des mechans, arreter les complots
 “Soumis avec respect a sa volonte sainte
 “Je crains Dieu cher Abner, et, n’ai point d’autre crainte.”

* Nor was he, indeed, then ignorant that he was going back to a most cruel enemy, and to exquisite tortures. *Tully of Regulus.*

† Racine.

Notwithstanding the excellent doctrines of fortitude and resignation which this letter contained, D'Alonville found his heart sink under the reflections it occasioned. His brother's apostacy, above all, disturbed him; and all his father had suffered from it, arising forcibly to his recollection, gave him now as much pain as when it had first happened. He felt sensibly for the unhappy De Touranges; while the disinterested and persevering friendship of the Abbe de St. Remi strengthened all those sentiments of respect and affection which he had, from their first acquaintance, felt for that excellent man. He sat down to write to him, and in that employment engaged himself till a late hour; not at all suspecting that his declining to join in the gay scene of the evening, had created in the mind of one of his friend's sisters, suspicions and dislike; and that his coldness had been construed into designs which never once entered his imagination.

While he was occupied in expressing
to

to the Abbe what he felt at the situation of his king, his country, and his friends, some of the domestics of Sir Maynard were giving their opinions of the foreign gentleman. An old butler, who acted also as house-steward, and was high in the favour of Sir Maynard, was chief orator. The young ladies maid, who had lived just long enough in London to make her unfit for the country, began the conversation, as she took her tea in the housekeeper's room, by declaring, that she *must* say, that if the gentleman was not a foreigner, and such like, she should think him an handsome genteel person: an opinion to which, without any reservation, the housemaid, who was that evening admitted to the party, subscribed. 'Why, what do *you* know, Martha,' said the butler, 'of handsome and genteel? Do you consider, child, that this here young fellow is, as one may say, a natural born enemy to us, and our king and country? What d'ye talk of handsome and genteel? Did any body ever see a Frenchman like

one of us? No, never, I'll answer for it. For my part, what I wonder at is this: that my master, Sir Maynard, encourages Master Edward in his liking of these here people, not natives of Great Britain! for what is the upshot? Why, by little and little, he gets into such a fancy for 'em, that he gives them a preference before his natural countrymen; which never can do him no good. Seeing it is his own countrymen, honest heart of oak Englishmen, he is to live among, and not these soup-meager chaps who only come here now, as far as I can find, to live upon us, because they've made their own country too hot to hold them. For my part, I always had, from a boy, the greatest dislike in the world to them, and I can't abide to hear Master Edward and this here Mounseer gabble together; for somehow, though I don't understand it, I always think they are talking about we English. Aye, they'll spoil our young master if he gets so much among 'em; for I've heard tell, that they are all as treacherous

treacherous as so many devils, and have the art and the cunning of Belzebub himself.'

"When I lived with the Honourable Mrs. Compton, in Welbeck-street, near Cavendish-square," said Miss Ellesmere's maid, "you must know we had a French Vally de Chamber, and my lady and master never spoke English when they was together; so that I might have learned the French tongue, I believe, especially as Bruffy, the vally, was always a wanting to teach me. But I used to laugh so at the queer words he made me repeat; and he had so many odd ways, just like a monkey, that I never could help being ready to die a-laughing when he began. So I made nothing of it, which I have been sorry for since; for I find ladies like to have their women speak French; and I might have got better wages and a higher place, perhaps. Indeed the Honourable Mrs. Compton would have taken me abroad with her when she went to Rome, in Italy, if I could have spoken the language;

G 4

guage; but she told me she must have a person that could; so she hired a Swiss young woman, as Madam Gaggleganni, the Geneve Ambassador's lady, and Miss Milfington together, recommended to her; and by that means I lost my place, and so I was obliged to take'——

An old upright virgin, who had waited on Lady Ellesmere from a girl, heard this harangue with great disgust. She had already taken two pinches of snuff while it lasted, with an air of disdain, and now snuffed up the third with uncommon vehemence, while, speaking through her nose, she interrupted the last orator—
'*Obliged* to take, indeed! Truly you may think it a happy thing to be received in such a respectable family as this. I should not have thought, indeed! I'm sure many young gentlewomen of good parentage and education, would be happy to be situated as well; and as to French, and such sort of things, I'm sure people in your station, Mrs. Kitty, may well dispense with it. No good comes of over-
knowledge,

knowledge, or of high notions. I'd have you remember, Madam, that Sir Maynard Ellefmere's family is as respectable as any of your Honourable mistresses, this and that, that you're always telling of : people that live away for a little while and never pays, and then away they go to France and Italy. Those that aren't content in a good Baronet's family, like ours, had better have gone with them.' The asperity with which Mrs. Kitty (who deeply resented the disrespect of not being called by her surname) was about to answer, was happily, for the peace of the house, put an end to by the entrance of Miss Theodora herself, who, gliding down from her solitary room (while her old Duenna dosed after her tea, which was usually qualified with a few spoonful of brandy to prevent its affecting her nerves) entered with a mournful and languid step, and addressing herself to Mrs. Packer, her mother's woman, entreated that some of the maids might go up and play at cards with her. "'Tis so dull," said the

poor girl, “ to be shut up with old Griffin, from one day’s end to another, when mamma and my sisters are gone out ; and I do so think of the ball ! Heigh-ho ! I was ten times better off when I was quite a child ; for then I used to be suffered to go to Mr. Boulanger’s ball once a year, but now—never, never am I allowed to go out of the house.” Mrs. Packer answered, with a very sour face, that it was not for her to interfere with Mrs. Griffin’s business. If *she* chose to have the maids up, ’twas very well ; but *she*, for her part, knew what her lady’s orders were, and therefore would have nothing to do with it. She then walked away very majestically ; and Theodora exerted her eloquence with so much effect on Mrs. Kitty, otherwise Mrs. Perrott, that she persuaded her to go with her to a game of all-fours. Their way lay up a stair-case, which led through a long passage by the room where D’Alonville sat, which was the study of his friend. When they arrived near the door, Kitty began
to

to giggle. “Lord,” cried she, “what fun it would be to rap at the door and frighten the Frenchman! How he’d jump! Perhaps he’d think it was a spirit.” “For Heaven’s sake don’t,” said Theodora; “Mamma would never forgive such a thing.” “There would not be the least harm in it, though,” cried Kitty. “I’ve a good mind to peep through the key-hole, to see what he is about. I wonder what he’s thinking of now: It would be much more polite, methinks, if he’d come and play at cards with us; and I dare say he’d be amazing pleased if we were to ask him.”

Theodora, though not very prudent, and having certainly received, by being left at home with the servants, impressions far less eligible than might have been given at a country assembly, had, however, sense and reflection enough to know, that there would be a great indecorum in what Mrs. Perrott proposed; and with some difficulty prevailed on her to go quietly to her room; where they found Theodora had

not been missed by good Mrs. Griffin, and where they passed the time in yawning over a pack of dirty cards, or listening at intervals to some of Kitty's stories of pranks played by young Mr. Compton from Westminster school, when he used to come and visit his brother the Honourable Mr. Compton, in Welbeck-street, near Cavendish-square, till the hour arrived when Mrs. Griffin, being heartily tired of herself, saw her young charge to the chamber within her own, where poor Theodora, unable to sleep, lay listening for the return of the happy party from the assembly ; and longing to hear who her sisters danced with, and whether Miss Such-a-one, and Miss Such-a-one, and her cousins from Warwick, were there, and whether Miss Ann had a partner, and how she was dressed. For all this interesting information she was under the hard necessity of waiting till the next morning.

It has been said of prisoners long accustomed to darkness, that the eye at length becoming habituated to want of
light,

light, they can distinguish objects around them without it, and feel an interest in the habits of the animals or reptiles that inhabit their dungeon. Thus it seems to be with the human mind. People who, from choice or necessity, live very remote from capitals, where knowledge is more amply diffused, and science is surrounded with all its splendors, form around them a world of their own, and become as seriously interested in the history of the next market-town, as those of more enlarged views are in that of the universe. Of this order of beings was Lady Ellemere; who while she could never give more than "poor man," or "very astonishing indeed!" to the monarch whose melancholy fate she heard every body deprecating; or the kingdom of France so strongly convulsed, could enter with the liveliest interest into the history of "Mr. Samuel Harrison, an attorney, who had been discarded by Miss Fanny Pinkrey, an apothecary's daughter;" and wonder for an hour, that "Mrs. Grisby, or
the

the doctor, should suffer the Miss Grisbys to dance with those two officers, both of whom were strangers, and one of them an Irishman." These important points, and many others of the like nature ; such as the dress and conversation of the evening, furnished ample matter for discourse at breakfast the next morning, to Lady Ellesmere and her two eldest daughters, and continued during the following days, long enough to disgust Edward Ellesmere ; who, though he loved his mother extremely, was often put half out of humour by her attachment to insignificant things and insignificant people ; and the little attention that either Lady Ellesmere or his sisters now gave to D'Alonville, who, as he could not enter into their amusement, soon sunk into a cypher, hastened his visit to an uncle who was partial to him, and who longed to see him after his return from abroad.

C H A P. VII.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.

Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing

Can touch him farther.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON the edge of Needwood forest, and about seven and-twenty miles from the residence of Sir Maynard Ellesmere, lived in a small freehold of an hundred-and-fifty pounds a year, his younger brother, who had changed his name to that of Caverly, for an estate of which he had long since parted with the greater proportion; but he still retained enough to live comfortably, for he had the half-pay of a lieutenant added to his farm, which he occupied himself. His domestic arrangements were not unlike those of *Columella*; but with so many oddities about him as to acquire the name of a *humourist*, he had an excellent heart; and though he professed himself a misanthrope, much

much of his time, and all the money he could spare, were given to the distresses of his neighbours, by whom he was extremely beloved. Though Sir Maynard and Captain Caverly were always on the most friendly terms, he seldom went to Eddisbury-hall. He hated the forms he was expected to observe there; and though he did not express it very openly, he was disgusted by the unwarrantable partiality Sir Maynard shewed to his eldest son in preference to his other children, all of whom he thought as deserving, and Edward who was his favourite, infinitely more so. When his niece Elizabeth lost her lover, the honest Captain was so much concerned for her, that he offered to mortgage fifty pounds a year of his own little property, to assist in raising the sum that was demanded by the father of the young man; and he was continually endeavouring to represent the cruelty of sacrificing a whole family to its elder branch. It was owing to his encouragement that Edward Ellesmere assumed
courage

courage enough to declare his dislike to the law; and he had assisted him to the utmost of his power during his travels. To such an uncle it was natural for Edward to wish to pay his respects as soon as he could, after his return into Staffordshire; and at the end of ten days he set out on horseback, with D'Alonville, and at the hour of Captain Caverly's dinner, they arrived at Fernhurst, which was the name of the farm where the honest veteran resided.

Captain Caverly was half a mile from his house, in a field that looked into the high-road, watching the arrival of his nephew; and he no sooner saw him approaching, than he got over the stile that was between them, as fast as some remains of his last fit of the gout and half a dozen greyhounds and pointers would let him; and greeting young Ellesmere by the name of "Dear Ned," he cordially shook him by the hand as he sprang off his horse, and bade him heartily welcome; then with an equal shew of good humour,

humour, made his rough but honest compliments to D'Alonville; apologized for not being able to speak to him in his own language—"but tell him," said he to Ellesmere, "tell him, will you, that I am a rusticated old fellow now, though a few years ago I was as *militaire* as the best of you; and I have seen his countrymen in the field with other guests looks, though I am heartily glad to see him here now with such as I have." Ellesmere set the Captain's heart much at ease, by assuring him, that his foreign friend knew English enough to be sensible of his civilities without an interpreter; and they went into the house together; D'Alonville feeling himself already relieved in having escaped a while from the formal splendors of Eddisbury-hall, and already prejudiced in favour of the Captain, from the *bonhomie* that he appeared to possess.

Their dinner, though very simple, was so well dressed and so neatly served, that the superintendance of some woman well versed

versed in domestic arrangements was very evident. The Captain was so gay and good-humoured, that both his guests were delighted with him; and the evening passed in his hearing the account of Ellesmere's tour; in which it seemed that his uncle, who had once made it himself, took great interest. He spoke, in his turn, on the affairs of France, like a man of sense; and expressed his wishes that he could go out against the cursed fellows, who were base enough to use a woman, and a pretty woman too, as they had treated the Queen of France. "But this wound in my neck," said he, "which plagues me cursedly once or twice a year; and the gout which hinders my marching, will compel me, I fear, to send thee, my dear Ned, as my substitute. Why what is the old Baronet, my worthy elder brother, about, that he does not get thee provided for in the army?" Ellesmere informed his uncle of all that had passed on this subject since he came home; and the discourse took another turn.

When

When they retired for the night, the Captain shewed them into their respective rooms, which were furnished with such simple neatness, that D'Alonville could not but remark it. Beyond that designed for him, was a large light closet, full of books, many of which were in his own language. "This is your apartment," said Captain Caverly, "as long as you will, my good Sir; and remember that nobody in my house is to be under the least restraint: whenever we talk too much, or drink too much for you, come up here for as long as you will. Apropos, Ned and I are going a hunting to-morrow with Lord Aberdore's hounds. The weather to-night promises well. Ned says your horses will do it well enough; if not, I will manage to mount ye both. What say you? Have ye a mind to see how we *, *allez a la chasse dans Angleterre?* D'Alonville expressed his readiness to be of the party; and nine the next morning was named as the hour of their setting forth.

* It is hardly necessary to say, that Captain Caverly's language is not meant to be correct.

The morning was favourable, and the sport, they said, good ; D'Alonville however did not enjoy it ; for besides that the fox-hunting in England is altogether different from that in France, to which he had been accustomed, his heart was unusually heavy. The echoes among the woods, however, when the fox broke cover, were very fine, and at any other time might have animated him to some degree of that enjoyment which seemed to be felt by the people around him. Several gentlemen passed, who understanding him to be an emigrant, a friend of Edward Ellesmere's, touched their hats with civility enough ; but none of them spoke to him. The grooms hearing he was a Frenchman stared at him, and longed to see how he would sit his horse when they should have a sharp burst, being very sure that a Frenchman could not ride.

D'Alonville, however, gave them no opportunity to criticise his horsemanship ; he followed the hounds for some time at a distance ; then losing the sound, and finding

ing himself in the forest whence he knew nothing of his way out, he slackened his pace, and forgetting for what purpose he was there, began one of his usual meditations on France. The wood he was in brought to his mind those of his native country; and insensibly along the winding paths, his horse, from a gentle trot began to walk, and at length hardly moving, began to brouze on the vegetables that a mild winter had left under the shelter of the luxuriant hollies†, which serve as guides to the forester in his way through these wild-wood-walks. D'Alonville musing, let him do almost as he would; till he found it grew late, and not knowing how far he was from the house of Captain Caverly, he thought it time to endeavour to find his way back. He stopped his horse, and listened; for it was possible that the cry of the hounds might yet come from at a distance to guide him to his friends; but no sounds were heard

† See note on these Hollies, in Dr. Darwin's beautiful Poem, "The Botanic Garden."

save the melancholy chirping of birds, whose winter-notes seemed rather to solicit food than to express pleasure ; and the sullen sighing of the wind among the leafless branches. It seemed to have changed its quarter since the morning, and to have got round to the north, giving to the sky that cold gloomy appearance which precedes snow. After listening at several intervals, D'Alonville hearing nothing that could direct him on his way, touched the idle old hunter, to make him move somewhat faster in the track they were in ; and soon found himself out of the forest, and in a green lane, which he conjectured, from the traces of horses and carts with which it was worn, led to at least some large farm, if not to a village ; and he meditated on the English sentence it would be necessary for him to utter, to obtain from whoever he should meet, the information he wanted to direct him to the abode of Captain Caverly ; which could not, he thought, be more than seven or eight miles distant.

His

His conjectures were just, as to the road he took; it led him to a village where several cottages were scattered in groups along a sort of common, with two or three farm-houses. He looked around for some face which might encourage his enquiry; but the inhabitants of the hamlet were most of them out at their work. He rode up to a group of boys playing near a pool of water; and having arranged his expressions as well as he could, asked them how he could find the road to Fernhurst; for he had a memorandum of the name in his pocket-book. The boys ceased their play, and approached him: but though he had repeated his enquiry in every form he could imagine, it was totally fruitless. The eldest of the boys stared at him, scratched his head, and cried, Anan? an expression which D'Alonville understood as little as they did his question. Baffled in this first attempt, he went towards a farm, where, in a barn was a thresher, who supposing him to be of the hunt, suspended

suspended his labour to answer him: but here D'Alonville's unfortunate accent again occasioned his disappointment. The churl either did not, or would not understand his enquiry; and muttering to himself, "humph, a Frenchman! I wonder what they does here!" began to thump on the threshing-floor, without affording him any farther attention. D'Alonville flattered himself that from the softer sex he might obtain a more favourable hearing; and returning back to what might be called the village-street; he accosted an old woman, the only female he saw; and, taking off his hat, endeavoured to the utmost of his power, to make her understand his question. The woman stopped, and fixed her eyes upon him, set down a bucket she was carrying, and appeared by her countenance, to wish to understand him. Encouraged by her attention, he redoubled his endeavours; but still it did not appear that he gained ground. At length she came close to his horse, and putting back her hat and cap, cried, in a

very shrill and distinct voice, "Speak louder, your Honour, I am hard of hearing." D'Alonville comprehended she was deaf, and cantered away towards a young man who was mounted on a cart-horse, and driving two others before him. "How must I do," said he, speaking slowly, and, as he supposed, extremely plain, "how must I do, to go to Fernhurst?" The man stopping his horses, D'Alonville in the same words repeated his question. "How must you do?" repeated the clown; "why, as well as you can;" "But which way must I go?" said D'Alonville, putting his enquiry into another form. "Follow your nose," replied the brutal rustic, "and that will be to the devil, I hope; for I wish all Frenchmen there, with all my soul, and be cursed to them; for 'tis they that be the cause of our taxes, and our being drawn for the militia." D'Alonville, though far from entering into the spirit of this reply, comprehended it to be abusive; and at the same moment perceiving
a little

a little farther on, an house or two of better figure than those he had passed, he pushed on his horse towards them. He soon reached the door of a brick mansion, of neat appearance; it had three windows in front, a little bow at one end: the door, to which led a short walk, paved with brick through a turfed court, was painted, as well as the paling before it, of a bright green; the knocker was large, and of resplendent brass; and over the door a mortar, gilt more resplendently, confirmed the information given by certain singularly-shaped and lettered vases in one of the windows, that from hence the blessings of Esculapius were dispensed to the surrounding country; which indeed D'Alonville might, on a near inspection, have read over the door; where the name of Sanderfon, and the three branches of the profession in which Mr. Sanderfon practised, were displayed also in green and gold.

Here then, thought D'Alonville, is a house where perhaps I may make myself

self understood, for it seems to be inhabited by some of the decent Burgoises. He left his horse fastened to a hook, evidently placed for such purposes, on the rails, and entering the court, rapped gently at the door. A red-headed boy, of fifteen or sixteen, with an apron on, opened it; and seeing a young and genteel looking man, invited him in, and asked what he pleased to want. Once more D'Alonville enquired the way to Captain Caverly's; to a place called Fernhurst. The lad, who seemed to have his ideas occupied by the drugs he was mixing, understood no more than the rest had done what D'Alonville wanted; but in a loud voice bidding him sit down and wait a moment, and he would call Miss, he went out of the shop, and shut the door after him. D'Alonville sat down, as he was bid, near another door which was ajar, and from whence he heard an indistinct noise of sobs and deep sighs, as of a person distressed, or in pain; and with some surprise he heard another person
endea-

endeavouring to appease the anguish of the sufferer, in language which persuaded him it was that of a woman of his own country. His attention was now deeply engaged: he eagerly listened, and heard a dialogue, which convinced him both the speakers were Frenchwomen, and both suffering under some terrible and recent misfortune. He was tempted, by an almost irresistible impulse, to break through common forms, and seek the room where they were: so powerfully was his sympathy and his affections awakened. The agitation of his mind was visible in his countenance, when his attention was called off to a figure, who now addressed him from the other side of the counter; gay as a shewy printed cotton, a scarlet fatten fash, and a blue bonnet put over one ear could make her. Miss Sanderfon, the sister of the gentleman whose name the door exhibited, appeared, and gratefully courtesying and sweetly smiling, desired, in soft tones, the honour of the gentleman's commands.

So many roses adorned the dimpled cheeks of this rural Belle, and so insinuating was her address intended to be, that at any other time D'Alonville would have been amused, and for a moment engaged by her; but now he hardly knew to whom he spoke, or recollected what he wanted to ask. So indistinctly indeed did he repeat the question of "Which was the way to the house of Captain Caverly?" that it was not at all surprising his fair auditor did not understand him. The Lady, however, was not one of those who trust to personal attractions only. She had attended to the embellishment of her mind; and had cultivated as much as her opportunities allowed her, the knowledge of the French tongue, which she acquired at a boarding-school. Of this knowledge she was not a little proud; and being delighted with every occasion of shewing it, she then said, *Monsieur j'appercouve que vous ate un etraunger — Pui ater que vous ate un parang de les dames qui loge dans notre maison.*

*maison**. D'Alonville seizing at once an opportunity so favourable to his wishes of discovering who these ladies were, replied (in rather better French) that he was not a relation, but a person much interested in the fate of those ladies. He hesitated, considering a moment what he should say to obtain an introduction to them; and fearful of discovering that he had no other right to it than what he could claim as their countryman; when the good-natured young gentlewoman, who was afraid he might suspect what was really the fact, that she did not understand him, was determined to convince him she did; and therefore, without waiting for any farther explanation, she cried, "Oui, Monsieur, c'est bain verrai—cette un chose bian terrible—tout le monde est en deffespair." D'Alonville on the rack, and knowing that if she continued to speak French, he should

* The Lady would have said, Sir, I perceive you are a stranger. Perhaps you are a relation of the ladies who lodge in our house.

never know what she meant, acquired recollection and English enough to say, that though he was a native of France, he was fortunate enough to understand a little English ; and begged she would have the goodness to flatter his predilection for that language, so far as to converse with him in it. The Lady, who could not have gone on in any other, obligingly condescended to his request. “ And so, Sir,” said she, “ as I was saying, the ladies, our lodgers, are, as may be supposed, in the greatest affliction ; and I am sure, though I did not hear them say they expected you, that they will be heartily rejoiced to see you. I will tell them, if you please, that you are here. Who shall I say, Sir, is the gentleman that desires to see them ?”

D’Alonville recollected that it would be better to write than to trust to a message, which, strange in itself, might be yet more strangely delivered ; he therefore took a pencil and wrote in his own language, “ The Chevalier D’Alonville, younger son

son of the deceased Viscount de Fayolles, hearing by accident that some ladies of his country are in this house, entreats the honour of being allowed to offer them his respects." The obliging Miss Sanderfon took the note when he had folded it up, and after an absence, which D'Alonville's impatience made him think would be eternal, she came back with another small folded note, to this effect :

"The ladies who inhabit this house, though they have not the honour of knowing the Chevalier D'Alonville, yet recollecting the name, and having no doubt of his having quitted France from the same unfortunate cause as drove them from it, cannot decline receiving the favour he offers them ; it being some consolation, in the present moment of their affliction, to mingle their sorrows with those of one of their countrymen, *whom they can yet call so.*" The style of this note redoubled the impatient solicitude of D'Alonville ; who with sensations as if he were sure of being introduced to two of the most interesting

women he had ever seen, followed Miss Sanderfon into a small parlour, where he found a woman of between fifty and sixty, in whose faded face there was an uncommon expression of penetration and sense, not unmingled with an air of haughty superiority. Her form and manners were such as instantly impressed the idea of her being a person of high fashion; she stood to receive D'Alonville, who made a speech he hardly knew what, expressive, however, of his gratitude for being permitted to "offer her his homage." She answered him with perfect ease, though in a tone of voice the most mournful he had ever heard; and turning to a lady who sat near the fire, her head leaning against the wainscot, while a bonnet with a deep veil concealed her face, she said, "You will pardon, Sir, my daughter's rising to receive you; she is too ill; the news of to-day has too much overpowered her." A very deep convulsive sigh from the daughter was all that intimated, on her part, her having heard what

what the elder lady said. D'Alonville expressed extreme concern, and added, that he was almost afraid to enquire whether the painful news of which Madam spoke, was of a public or private nature.

“Is it possible, Sir,” said the elder lady, by whom D'Alonville was now seated, “that you cannot have heard it?” She then related, in terms which forcibly expressed all the sorrow and indignation she felt, the fatal event of the 21st of January.

D'Alonville was struck with horror and consternation, which, for a moment, deprived him of words; while the younger lady, by a burst of tears and sobs that seemed to shake her delicate frame (for eminently delicate it seemed to be) attracted the attention of her mother to soothe and console her. It would be difficult to relate the whole conversation that now passed. On the part of the elder lady, the desire of vengeance seemed to suspend her concern. The younger con-

tinued to weep; and D'Alonville attempted in vain to offer to them that consolation he himself wanted. He no longer knew how time passed; and had no recollection of the reason of his first entering into the house: Nor would the conversation, vague as it was, have been soon interrupted, if a female French servant had not entered the room, holding in her arms a beautiful boy, about seven months old: at the sight of him different passions seemed anew to agitate both the ladies. The grandmother, with her eyes animated with all the energy of her character, expressed a wish that he was old enough to draw a sword, that he might assist in extirpating the banditti who had disgraced his country for ever, by so foul a crime; while the younger lady, his mother, then first lifting up the lace that had before concealed it, shewed a very lovely, though pale countenance, and eyes dimmed by tears. The infant held out to her his little hands; she took him, and pressing him fondly to her bosom,

bosom, a tear fell on his cheek as she whispered, “O mon petit emigre she deviendra tu*?” Never in his life had D’Alonville felt himself so affected ; he could not determine to go ; he wanted to enquire if his new friends were as comfortably placed as their circumstances admitted, though he saw they had been accustomed to situations very different. He wanted to be of some use to them : he wished to make them friends among the English ladies of fashion with whom he was acquainted, the mother and sisters of his friend Ellesmere.

But if he became thus warmly interested for them, while he only knew them as women, who were, like him, unhappy in being torn from their connexions, and compelled to wander helpless and desolate in a foreign country, his zeal to serve, befriend, and protect them to the utmost of his power was redoubled, when he learned that he had been conversing with the mother and the wife of De Touranges : a man, for whom,

* O! my poor little exile, what will become of you !

though

though he could not love him, he felt the tenderest compassion ; and who was entitled to every office of friendship, though it were only on account of the Abbe de St. Remi. The rest of the day, after this interesting discovery, was passed in his relating to the elder Marchioness (while the younger retired overcome with the violence of her emotions) what he knew of her son ; yet even to her, strange as her mind appeared to be, he did not then venture to disclose the purport of the last letter he had received from the Abbe.— It was a conversation which neither party were disposed to end. Madame de Touranges had a thousand questions to ask ; and D'Alonville had no longer any recollection of the necessity of going back to the house from whence he came ; but when it was settled that D'Alonville should see the ladies again the following day, it occurred to him that it was then night ; and that if he could not find his road to Fernhurst in the light, it was somewhat improbable he should do it in the

the dark. This consideration compelled him to have recourse for advice to the fair Miss Sanderfon (for her brother was not yet returned). She seemed to have conceived the most flattering opinion of him. Indeed he was so very handsome a figure, and had a countenance so well corresponding with it, that Miss Sanderfon, who was deeply read in novels, and who called herself Suzette, for unhappily her name was Sufannah (and it was impossible to make any thing of it in English) really fancied him the subject of some famous story; Tancred of Normandy, or some chivalrous knight sung by the Troubadours. She had read, and even translated, some of the tales of D. Florian; and there was not one of the heroes to whom she did not compare the adventurer, who now, with more humble pretensions, solicited her to find for him, in the village, a man who could serve him as a guide to the habitation of Captain Caverly. This, as all the inhabitants were gone to bed, was by no means easy; and
great

great was the perplexity of the fair and generous Suzette, who did not dare send out her brother's apprentice, or the horse which always stood in the stable ready to carry him out on those nocturnal visits to which he was so frequently summoned : but after a long perquisition, a man was found, who, for a crown D'Alonville readily promised him, mounted a cart-horse, and led the way through many intricate windings and cross-roads to Fernhurst, at the distance of near six miles. D'Alonville did not arrive there till past eleven o'clock ; but by his arrival he communicated great satisfaction both to Ellesmere and the honest Captain ; who having in vain hunted for him in the woods till it was dark, had returned home, in hopes that he might have got thither before them ; but not finding him, they became uneasy, and had sent out people in search of him, who just before he came back had returned, without any tidings of him. On his appearance, their apprehensions being at an end, the Captain began

began to rally him on his long absence; but Ellesmere easily perceived that gaiety was misplaced. At that moment he recollected the melancholy news which their newspapers had only that day informed them of; and apologizing to D'Alonville for his uncle's ill-timed levity, he was disposed to mingle his tears with those which he perceived in the eyes of his friend.

CHAP. VIII.

———Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish. SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Ellesmere learned the circumstances that had happened the evening before, he became as eager as D'Alonville, or if possible more so, to offer to the unhappy strangers every service he could render them. He proposed for this purpose a thousand projects in a moment. He would write to his mother and sisters; he would carry the two ladies to Eddisbury. D'Alonville, who was not so sanguine as to the reception they might meet with, felt all the generosity of his friend, but did not seem in haste to avail himself of it. He readily, however, assented to Ellesmere's wish of going with him to wait on them; and, with a melancholy smile, bade him beware of the fascinating eyes of the younger Madame de Tou-

Touranges. ‘I know the influence of beauty in distress, my friend,’ said he; ‘and I assure you, you will not find that of the young Marquise less dangerous than that of your fair Polonese.’

“Probably it might be much more so,” replied Ellefmere, “were I a Frenchman; but I have not been accustomed to consider married women as objects of gallantry, having had neither a foreign nor a fashionable education.”

‘Well, then, let us go,’ said D’Alonville; ‘for though I hope and believe that this wandering family of our luckless acquaintance de Touranges, is not so distressed as to need pecuniary assistance, yet it cannot but be advantageous to them to be known by people of consequence in England. They seem extremely sensible of the kindness they have received from a family of the name of ——— (I cannot now recollect the name); but I understood them to be related to the nobleman with whose hounds we were out, and to live about two miles from the village. It was
this

this family who found the lodging for them, and who have with unwearied kindness visited them since. I am sorry I cannot recollect the name.'

"Relations of Lord Aberdore's are they?" answered Ellefmere. "I do not know any family of that description; but indeed this is a part of the country with which I am very slightly acquainted; and I only know Lord Aberdore by sight. If he has relations so liberally minded, I am glad of it; for of his own liberality of mind one hears but little."

"Suppose," added Ellefmere, "that I tell my uncle whither we are going? He would do any thing in the world to serve women in distress; and is a perfect knight-errant in their cause."

"Perhaps it would be better," replied D'Alonville, "to see the Ladies de Touranges first ourselves; your uncle has no woman in his family, and perhaps we may only, by engaging his good-humoured endeavours, be troublesome to him, without deriving any benefit to the parties for whom

whom we are interested. I fear,' added he, 'that in this country, people of mine have nothing to hope but protection and subsistence; for the great evils they suffer, the most generous efforts of strangers can do nothing to relieve. These poor women, who are now hid in a little lodging in a solitary village, have been accustomed to the highest degree of affluence. The elder of them has passed her life at court; the younger, with all the advantages that beauty and youth, fortune and birth, could give her, was just entering on the most splendid scene of life; all is vanished! but that they no longer are surrounded with whatever can flatter the imagination or gratify the taste, does not seem to be to them the subject of regret. It is De Touranges for whom his mother trembles; it is Touranges that draws continual tears from the eyes of his wife, and the dreadful fate that has overwhelmed our country, and now our lamented monarch. The general evil, indeed, cannot be repaired, but their individual misfortune may.

Would

Would to Heaven I knew where de Touranges is !' D'Alonville now fell into a reverie, which lasted till they reached the house they were going to ; and Ellefmere did not interrupt him.

On their entering the shop, they were received by Mr. Sanderfon, to whom Ellefmere was known ; and who, on their eager enquiry after the two French ladies, shook his head when he mentioned the younger. " The sweet creature," said he, " is so ill, so nervous, and, in short, her whole system so deranged, that Susy and I have been up all night." ' I hope,' said D'Alonville, extremely alarmed, ' that there is no danger.' " I assure you I don't half like the symptoms ; and that languor and giving herself up, which she does to an excess I never saw. But, however, our young ladies from Beshthorpe will be here by and by ; and I hope that their company, which always does Madam the Marchioness good, and seeing you, Gentlemen, her friends, will altogether be of more use than my drugs."

‘ And

‘ And who,’ enquired Ellefmere, ‘ are the ladies from Besthorpe ?’ “ The Denzil family,” replied Sanderfon : “ perhaps, Mr. Ellefmere, you may know them. Excellent, worthy people, I can assure you they are, and nearly related, as I understand, to the Aberdore family, though how I cannot make out. Somehow though, the connexion came by the late lady, though that you know,” continued he, nodding significantly, “ does not much recommend them to the house now ; but indeed, the noble family is so seldom down, that I don’t imagine Mrs. Denzil and the family took a place in this neighbourhood on that account, so much as because it suited them in other respects. It was by their means that I was induced to lett my house to these foreign ladies. I was at first rather averse to it ; but on reflection, I thought the Denzil family would not recommend people the least improper ; and Sufy, who loves any thing that is uncommon, was mightily for receiving them. I cannot say I have repented

pented it. The elder lady, who, I am told, lived always with the Queen, in her own country, is, to be sure, what we in England call haughty ; but for the youngest, she is, as her confessor sometimes says, half an angel. A man must be a savage who would not undertake almost any thing to do her good. I assure you, she is too pretty and amiable not to be very dangerous : even a country apothecary, like me, who has enough to do to think of his patients, and to ride round the country from six in the morning to twelve at night, can find out that there would be no living near her without being in love with her, if it were not for the difference of religion and country, and her being married already, as I told her confessor."

‘ Her confessor !’ said Ellesmere ; ‘ and who is her confessor ? Is he here now ?’
“ He is a French priest,” replied Sanderson, “ who came over with them, and has been with them ever since they have been here ; but he is now gone to London, on the
the

the business of this order. A very honest, simple, good sort of man he seems to be. For my part, I am free to own, I had conceived a sort of prejudice against Catholic priests. One has heard all one's lifetime, ugly stories of them; but I am free to confess, that this gentleman seems to me to be as worthy a man as any clergyman of the church of England." While this dialogue was passing, D'Alonville, who had received a message from Madame de Touranges, that she would be glad to see him in a few moments, stood meditating on the strange reverse of fortune. The woman, who so lately had the most brilliant circles around her that Paris or Versailles could boast of, was now an object for the pity of a country apothecary. Whoever recollects the distance at which people of high rank in France were accustomed to keep even the most respectable professional men in that line, will pardon a remnant of involuntary pride in D'Alonville, who, notwithstanding the good-humoured manner in which Mr.

Sanderfon spoke of his gueſts, felt ſhocked that he ſhould name them ſo familiarly; yet, in a moment, remembering to what a condition Marie Antoinette of Auſtria was reduced, he corrected himſelf, and was aſhamed of the tranſitory emotion he had felt; and had he ever read Spenſer in ours, or had he at that moment recollected any thing to the ſame purport in his own language, he would, perhaps, have ſaid in the ſenſe, if not in the words, of the author of the Fairy Queen,

“ Such is the weakneſs of all mortal hope;
“ So fickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
“ That, ere they come into their aimed ſcope,
“ They fall too ſhort of our frail reckonings,
“ And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings,
“ Inſtead of comfort which we ſhould embrace.
“ This is the ſtate of Keaſars, and of kings.
“ Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
“ Too greatly grieve at his unlucky caſe.”

Miss Sanderſon now came and informed D'Alonville, that Madame de Touranges deſired to ſee both him and the gentleman his friend. They entered the ſmall parlour he had been in the evening before,

fore, where only the elder lady appeared.

Perfectly mistress of herself, from her long intercourse with the world, she received Ellesfinere as if she had known him from his infancy; and spoke of their affairs to D'Alonville with the same unreserve as if a stranger had not been present. "My daughter," said she, "has been so affected by what we have heard from the Chevalier D'Alonville, relative to our poor wanderer, though I endeavoured to alleviate the pain such intelligence must give her, as much as possible, that she is too ill to leave her bed. Had I not expected the favour of seeing you, my good Chevalier," continued she, addressing herself to D'Alonville, "I believe I should have got our hosts here to have sent to you; for my daughter is restless, because she did not herself hear all the particulars relative to De Touranges, which she believes you can tell her. I endeavoured to evade this painful recital, but she persists in it, and will, perhaps, be easy when

she has seen both you and this gentleman, your friend, who is the same, I conclude, by his name, that passed through Germany from Vienna to Berlin, with the Marquis." Ellefmere bowed, and Madame de Touranges again spoke :

"As you have travelled," said she, speaking to Ellefmere; "and as you," addressing herself to D'Alonville, "are of a country where such things are customary, I shall make no apology to either of you for desiring you to attend my daughter in her bed-room; for I have insisted upon her not leaving her bed. I believe we may now go up." Madame de Touranges led the way, and Ellefmere and D'Alonville followed.

In a small neat room they found the beautiful Frenchwoman in her bed, with her infant boy sleeping by her. If D'Alonville had thought her extremely lovely and interesting from what he had seen of her the day before, she now appeared infinitely more so: yet there was nothing studied, or coquettish in her dishabille.

disshabille. Ellefmere gave D'Alonville a look, which seemed to say, "you might well tell me there was danger in this service;" while the glance D'Alonville returned, intimated a sort of half-triumph, which expressed, "have I then always a taste adulterated by French notions? Is here not a woman of *my* country who is truly and *simply* beautiful." The elder Marquise began the conversation, and did not seem to wish that either Ellefmere or D'Alonville should conceal any part of what they knew as to the state of mind in which they had seen the unfortunate De Touranges, or his abruptly quitting his friendly monitor, St. Remi; and even by her own questions she drew from D'Alonville what he thought it necessary to conceal from them both,—the purport of the Abbé's last letter.

This conduct D'Alonville thought strange, after the fears Madame de Touranges had expressed for her daughter's health and life: and still more was he hurt, when, having asked this letter of him,

she read it herself, and then gave it to Gabrielle, as she sometimes familiarly called her daughter. Gabrielle did little else but weep. She tried to read the letter, but could not; and she was so visibly overcome, that it seemed almost cruel to remain with her. Far from seizing it with avidity, on the hopes that her husband would be restored to her, with which, some how or other, her mother-in-law had contrived to flatter herself, she seemed to consider the state of mind in which the Abbé de St. Remi described him to be, as tending to the most fatal consequences. She saw him rushing on destruction, by going back to France: already, perhaps, he was the victim of his own despair and the inhumanity of savages, who seemed to delight only in blood. Her own desolate situation affected her not; but when she spoke, her conversation expressed an inclination to abandon the asylum they had found in England, and go back, at all hazards, to France. The persuasion that she should
there

there meet Touranges, or death, was strengthened by what she now learned from the Abbe's letter.

When it seemed better to leave her than to make any further attempts to console her, D'Alonville and Ellesmere took leave; but both were too much occupied with their new acquaintance, to have the power of thinking of any thing else.

“What can be done, my dear friend?” said Ellesmere, as he rode away from the door: “how can we relieve the anguish of this charming woman?” “I do not know, indeed,” answered D'Alonville, “if she is determined to give herself up to despair. Her project of going to France is wildness and insanity, and must not be listened to: but, all circumstances considered, though these poor women cannot go, I know who can.” “Aye, indeed!” answered Ellesmere, who did not comprehend him: “do you know any one whose going will be of use to *them*?”

‘Yes,’ replied he, ‘I believe I do. I think *my* going will be of use; and in a few,

few, a very few days, I shall take leave of you, my dear Ellefmere, and of this hospitable island.' "But how?" cried his friend. "On what plan? In what character would you go?"

'Do not ask me yet,' said D'Alonville, 'for yet, I hardly know myself; but I find it impossible not to go.'

"And I," answered Ellefmere, "shall find it as impossible to stay inactive in England. We will cross the water together, Chevalier; and should you go to France, which, however, I hope you will not do, I will go as a volunteer into the army, on the Continent, if I do not procure a commission in our own troops."

On their return to Fernhurst, Ellefmere, who could speak and think of nothing else, with the permission of D'Alonville, related to his uncle the little melancholy romance of the two ladies. Captain Caverly, who retained gallant and eccentric ideas enough to have revived the age of chivalry, if its influence had wholly ceased throughout the world, was,
as

as his nephew had foreseen, immediately seized with the most ardent zeal to serve and protect these interesting strangers: and it was with some difficulty that Ellesmere could prevent his setting out immediately to offer them an asylum in his house. “You are very good,” said he, “my dear uncle; but I am afraid our friends could not, with propriety, accept your generosity.” “And why not, pray?” answered he. “Propriety! nonsense! Will they hear the remarks that are made by the *wise gentlemen* of the neighbourhood? or have they not as much sense as not to care for them, if they did? What is propriety in this country, to women of another? and pr’ythee tell me, dear Ned, whether any of the prudes who might find out this want of propriety, would have the generosity to prevent its necessity, by receiving these unhappy women themselves, or even shewing them the least countenance? Not they, indeed; illiberal-minded, selfish, odious cats, half of them: yet it is to such that one is expected to make all kinds of sacrifices!”

Ellesmere knew there was a great deal of truth in what Captain Caverly said; but he knew also, that there were other insuperable objections to which the warm-hearted veteran, in his first ardour to succour ladies in distress, had not sufficiently attended. Ellesmere gently hinted at these, and Caverly immediately seemed to retreat into himself, and soon after turned the conversation, which he no more renewed on the same footing; but he still professed so much inclination to befriend the Mesdames de Touranges, that the two young men were extremely happy to find they had secured them a warm advocate and protector; for it seemed to be agreed in their short consultation hitherto, that the two ladies could nowhere be better situated than where they were, till some intelligence could be obtained of the Marquis de Touranges, or some favourable event restore them to their country. Alas! such events seemed more distant than ever!

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

“ Ricca fol di se steffa

“ E della grazie di natura adorna.”

GUARINI.

IT was now become impossible for the two friends to find any enjoyment in hunting, or any other of those amusements which they meant to have engaged in during their stay with Captain Caverly. No pretence was necessary to excuse their repeating their visit to the house of Mr. Sanderson, for the elder lady had declared that nothing gave her so much satisfaction as to see them; and besides that general invitation, it was merely a matter of common civility to enquire after her daughter-in-law, whom they had seen the day before so much indisposed. They set out together, therefore, about ten o'clock; having persuaded Captain Caverly to postpone, till another opportunity, the introduction he was so desirous of obtaining; not only because they believed Madame de

Touranges was too ill not to be incommoded by the presence of another stranger, but because he had complained the evening before of some symptoms of the gout, which, in early spring, generally attacked him with great severity. But, though he could not now pay his respects to the foreigners, for whom he felt so generously interested, he charged his nephew and D'Alonville to offer them, on his part, all manner of service; and sent them, from his own garden, some of the productions of his hot-beds, on which he greatly prided himself.

He was not happier in thus exercising his benevolence than his nephew was in being its messenger: and D'Alonville, though far enough from happiness, felt, at this moment, that it was yet worthwhile to live; yet the satisfaction he felt in the certainty of being of service to his new friends, was, at present, as disinterested in regard to the one as the other of them.

On their reaching the village, Ellef-
mere

mere stopped to speak to a tenant of Sir Maynard's, whom he met in the road ; and D'Alonville entering the house of Sanderfon alone, was shewn by the apprentice immediately into the parlour ; where he saw the younger Madame de Touranges, with her little boy sleeping on her lap ; and by her sat a young person who appeared to be about seventeen, and who was employed in some kind of work for her friend. She was in a very simple morning dress. The little powder that had been scattered in her hair, had almost been blown away in a windy walk ; a black beaver hat, which alone had confined it, lay in a chair by her ; but the disorder of her head-dress lent peculiar charms to a face which, though not perfectly handsome, D'Alonville thought the most interesting he had ever seen. Madame de Touranges, who already considered him as an old friend, held out her hand to him, and, with a melancholy smile, bade him welcome ; she bade him to thank her for introducing him to her
fair

fair young friend, Miss Denzil ; who was come, she said, to pass the morning with her. D'Alonville made one of those speeches which are usually made on such occasions ; and when Madame de Touranges enquired for his companion, he enquired in his turn for the Marquise, who by this time appeared ; and soon, as was usual with her, engrossed the conversation. Soon after Ellefmere joined them, and yet it did not become more general for some time ; the younger Madame de Touranges (whom for distinction's sake we must henceforth call Gabrielle) being accustomed to let her mother-in-law, for whom she felt an awe almost approaching to fear, take the lead in all companies. Ellefmere was engaged in listening to her ; and the eyes and thoughts of D'Alonville were entirely engrossed by the young stranger. He suffered Ellefmere to say what he would of his projects and intentions ; and to acquaint Madame de Touranges of his resolution of the night before, to set out for France : a resolution which

which she highly approved. D'Alonville heeded not, though he heard their discourse, and considered at this moment nothing but how he might induce Miss Denzil to enter into conversation with him. He had hardly heard the sound of her voice, before he wanted to know if she spoke French fluently, and whether her understanding corresponded with the intelligent sweetness of her countenance. Madame de Touranges, though she had no longer any claim to the attraction of youth and beauty, was one of those women who, from being long accustomed to adulation, expect it equally everywhere; and believe that the influence of superior understanding ought to continue to them the ascendancy which time may have diminished, in robbing them of their personal charms. While he lived in a court, she had too much interest to feel the decline of those attractions that she had immediately possessed in the morning and noon of life; and now, amidst the sad reverse of fortune, and after all the calamities she

she had experienced, the habit she had acquired of demanding attention, did not forsake her. D'Alonville's evident distraction, therefore, when she addressed herself to him, did not please her; he listened to her, indeed, and assented to all she said; but there was no longer that respectful deference, that marked attention, and that ready acquiescence, which the day before had so enchanted her in her young compatriot. Taking, however, for a settled resolution the scheme of his returning to France, she laid down, what was in her opinion, the safest plan for him to pursue, though of that it was impossible she could be a judge; and offered him letters to a friend of hers in London, who being one of the last men of consideration who had emigrated, and who had lately passed through Brittany, could give him better information than almost any other person on the present state of that province. D'Alonville accepted of her offer, without however feeling much inclination to be introduced to
a person

a person who had lately emigrated; for such he had learned to consider as persons who had been too much connected with the men and measures of the first revolution. Near an hour had passed thus: Miss Denzil, engaged by the work she was about, hardly looked from it, unless to speak in a low voice to Gabrielle. D'Alonville listened with the most eager attention; but the sharp and loud tones of Madame de Touranges, who sat immediately close to him, prevented his distinguishing what she said. At length, it seemed as if Miss Denzil had enquired the hour of the day; for she arose in some haste, and putting on her hat, she took from a work-basket a large gauze handkerchief, with which she carelessly tied it under her chin, and then asking if she might borrow Agatha to go over the common with her, she kissed the baby, who still remained sleeping in its mother's arms; and tenderly pressing the hand of Gabrielle, said, "Jusqu a demain ma chere amie, adieu!" She then courte-
tesy'd

tesy'd with grave respect to Madame de Touranges, and, with the distant civility one owes to new acquaintance, to Ellefmere and D'Alonville ; and Agatha (who was Madame Touranges's French maid) appearing ready at the door of the room ; she wa quitting it, when D'Alonville found it impossible to part with her thus, without knowing whether he should ever see her again ; and ventured to say, " You are going, then, Mademoiselle ? Is it not permitted me to wait on you part of the way ? " A transient blush arose on the fair cheek of the beautiful stranger, while she answered that she should be sorry to give him so much trouble, and could not think of taking him from his friends. D'Alonville, unwilling to take this as a refusal, turned to Madame de Touranges, and requested her permission to see Mademoiselle to her home. ' You have my permission,' answered the lady, ' but my woman must go with her also. Her mother entrusted her to come hither with a servant, who, being obliged to go
another

another way, could not stay to escort her back. I promised to let some person see her over the common, which brings her within sight of her mother's residence. As I was not aware of your gallantry, and am not at all sure that my friend, Madame Denzil, will approve of it, I must, whether you go or not, Chevalier, still perform my engagement, and send Agatha with her.' "I will, however," said D'Alonville, "accept of the honour of waiting on the young lady on any conditions you shall annex." Madame de Touranges ordered her maid to attend Miss Denzil; and nodding to D'Alonville, in a way that said 'you may go with her if you will,' he hastened away to overtake her, followed by Agatha.

Miss Denzil had already crossed the village-street; and passing a low stile, had taken a path that led through some cottage garden to the heath, over which her way lay, when D'Alonville overtook her. Though the quickness with which she had walked, and some surprise at the perseverance

severance in attending her, from a young man with whom she had not exchanged half a dozen words, had raised the lovely glow of her cheeks, D'Alonville flattered himself that he read in her beautiful blue eyes no displeasure. He found that she spoke French imperfectly, and with extreme diffidence; but there was even in this defect a nameless enchantment; and her voice was so sweet, that whatever she said acquired a thousand charms only from the tone in which it was spoken. The walk, though really of near three miles, almost two of which were over a dreary common, appeared to him but as a quarter of a mile; and his countenance, had it been examined, would have betrayed what he felt, when his beautiful companion said, 'I am now, Sir, only a few paces from my home; and I should be sorry to give you the trouble of coming any farther, unless, indeed, you will do my mother the favour of walking in.' D'Alonville hesitated a moment. This might perhaps be the only opportunity
he

he might ever have to make an acquaintance in a family to which this charming girl belonged ; but how might he be received ? Her mother might be displeased, or alarmed, at his introduction. She might be prudish, she might be proud or ignorant ; and the very means he took to obtain some farther acquaintance, might possibly shut the doors of her house against him for ever. It was better not to venture it. He therefore told Miss Denzil, that he could not take so great a liberty as that of intruding on Madame *sa mere*, without her permission. Yet he could not determine to bid adieu to *Mademoiselle la fille*, without eagerly enquiring when he might hope to see her again. ‘ Oh !’ replied she, with the ease of unsuspected innocence, ‘ I am continually with my friends, the ladies De Touranges ; and my mother, when her health permits, almost as often as I am. You do not live far off,’ added she. ‘ I live !’ replied he. ‘ Alas, *Mademoiselle*, I live nowhere ! I had once,’ continued he with a deep

deep sigh, “a home and a country! but now I am, as well as the ladies for whom you are so generously interested, a wanderer upon the earth. Ah! if you knew how infinitely amiable you appear, as the friend of these strangers! But — I beg pardon for detaining you. Do you think I shall, indeed, be so happy as to see you once again before I leave England? never, in all probability, to return!”

Miss Denzil seemed hurt by the evident melancholy and dejection with which he said this, and embarrassed how to answer it. Her natural candid simplicity, however, got the better of any artificial reserve which would, perhaps, have taught her to conceal the concern she felt. ‘I hope we shall meet again,’ said she: ‘I am sure I wish it; and I hope if you do leave England, Sir, it will not be to return to France; for such a journey must be attended with danger, which one is shocked even to think of.’ “Wherever I go,” replied D’Alonville, “whatever becomes of me, it is flattering to believe

lieve *you* will deign to recollect me." He was conscious that he was going too far. They were at a gate which opened into a little shrubbery that surrounded her mother's house. It was time to tear himself away. He felt that the longer he continued this dangerous parley, the greater would become the difficulty of ending it; he therefore repeated his hopes of seeing her again, his acknowledgments for the honour she had done him in permitting him to attend her home; and then, as she went in at the gate, he left her; Agatha waiting on her into the house.

D'Alonville returned hastily by the path he came. On a rising ground, two or three hundred yards from the gate, he turned to see if there was yet a glimpse, at the door, of the fascinating figure he had just parted with; but she had disappeared. He surveyed the house. It was an irregular and low house, half-concealed by the trees which crowded round it, and did not seem to have been originally intended for the residence of a gentleman's family.

family. An involuntary sigh escaped him as he lost sight of it, and almost mechanically he followed the path which led back to the house where he had left his friends.

He found Ellefmere as attentively listening to Madame de Touranges as when he had left him ; she had never given him time to consider how time passed, or that his uncle expected them back to a late dinner ; nor did the appearance of D'Alonville rouse to recollection either the narrator or the listener. Madame de Touranges, indeed, was giving Mr. Ellefmere a very circumstantial account of the scenes she had passed through at Paris the preceding September ; and they were too extraordinary not to engage his attention. Gabrielle appeared to shudder with terror, and to wonder how her mother could speak with so much firmness, of what she had seen and suffered, even at this distance of time. D'Alonville thought it want of consideration in Madame de Touranges to dwell so minutely on such descrip-

descriptions before her daughter; whose health was visibly affected by the sad recollection. He sat down near her, and began with her some conversation on topics less melancholy; he mentioned her young friend, who was indeed the subject most immediately in his mind. “Is she not a very charming girl?” said Gabrielle. “Indeed the whole family are very amiable; and we are infinitely obliged to them for a number of little kindnesses, that have made much more commodious than it would otherwise have been, this retreat, which, when my health made my stay in London impossible, Mrs. Denzil herself found for us.” D’Alonville longed to ask an hundred questions about them, and would have hazarded some, but Ellesmere at this moment recollected that it was more than time to return to Fernhurst: he reminded D’Alonville of it, and they departed; Ellesmere having first obtained permission to introduce his uncle in a day or two. They left Madame de Touranges in better spirits than she had been for many months.

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months. She had not only many friends, from whom she hoped to receive considerable assistance and protection during the involuntary residence of herself and her daughter in England, but she had somebody to talk to, who seemed willing to allow her the quality of a woman of superior understanding: a claim which, among the generality of the English, she was in great danger of losing. Besides these consolations, she formed the most sanguine expectations from the voyage proposed to be taken by D'Alonville; whom she had no doubt would procure for them intelligence of De Touranges, and restore to her a son for whose fate her pride was as much interested as her love. He was the last of his family, save only the infant whom he had never seen, and whose life had begun amidst the dispersion and ruin of his family. On these two lives, one of which was exposed to such imminent peril, and the other to all the diseases which in early infancy beset a human creature, depended that happiness to which Madame de Touranges looked

looked forward from amidst the depression of exile, that of seeing the house of De Touranges restored to its original splendor, and trampling in the dust the party to whom it owed its being eclipsed.

CHAP. X.

Exiles, the proverb says, subsist on hope ;
Delusive hope still points to distant good,
To good that marks approach.

EURIPIDES.

ELLESMERE had been talked to till he had no inclination to hear even the sound of his own voice ; and D'Alonville was still less disposed to speak. They rode near a mile together before this silence was broken, by Ellesmere's checking his horse suddenly, and asking his friend whether he thought Captain Caverly would not have something to undergo for having suffered them to keep his dinner waiting so long ? D'Alonville, who by no means understood the question, asked an explanation. " Why, don't you know, my friend," said he, " that our good uncle, who never could be prevailed upon to submit to the yoke of matrimony, of which he entertained the most formidable ideas, is under the dominion of an

house-

housekeeper, who governs him with more severity than the most imperious dame of family would probably ever thought of exercising? As she does not love me much, for she has taken up, I know not how, a notion that I make the honest Captain restless under her authority; and as she always suspects I may come in for a share of his fortune, for which she has provided other claimants, she has made several attempts to shut me out from ever appearing in her little despotic government. In this instance, however, our old soldier has stoutly resisted her tyranny; but the knowledge that it gives her an opportunity of teasing him, always shortens my visits, and renders them less pleasant to me while they last. Heaven knows, that to possess, or even to share, the little fortune of Captain Caverly, never made any part of my scheme of life; but I love my uncle, and wish he had made out for himself a happier destiny.” ‘I beseech you,’ said D’Alonville, ‘if our delay is likely to be the occasion of a moment’s

uneasiness to him, let us make more haste.”
“No,” answered Ellesmere, “it is not so much that which just now struck me; for though a dinner spoiled is a very serious grievance, yet with a few hours grumbling and pouting, it may be got over; but what led me to think and to speak of my uncle’s governante, was, the difficulty he will have to escape from her wrath, when it is known that he is about to make an acquaintance with these French ladies, and even proposed receiving them into his house.”

‘Permit me one remark,’ said D’Alonville. ‘You English accuse the French (I speak of the French as they were) of dissolute manners, and as being a nation wholly unprincipled in their gallantries; yet in my short acquaintance with England, I have observed several instances of arrangements which, in my country, would appear extraordinary examples of want of principle, or rather what we call of *bien seance*, than any thing that usually occurs in France.’

“A truce

“A truce with your moralizing comparisons, my dear Chevalier. Notwithstanding the solemn airs we English give ourselves, your remark is just enough; but there is nothing so blind as national prejudice and national presumption. That Miss Denzil,” added he, changing the conversation, “is a good fine girl, D’Alonville?”

“I think her,” answered he, “not only the most lovely woman I have seen in England, but during my whole life.”

“Yes, said Ellesmere; “I saw you were taken with her, which I should not have expected; for after all, it is but a little uncultivated rustic, and surely rather shewy than handsome. I should have fancied thee, my good friend, much more likely to be charmed with the fair Gabrielle.”

“What! the wife of my friend?”

“Cela n’empêche rien, Chevalier, as you know very well; but lest it should be really likely you should be *épris* with the simple charms of this nymph of the wilds, let me put you upon your guard, by tell-

ing you that I understand she is the second or third daughter of a numerous family ; and that, by I know not what strange combination, they are robbed of the greatest part of their property, and are compelled to live in great obscurity. I could only obtain a very vague and incomplete account from Madame de Touranges, who is too much occupied, as may well be supposed with her own affairs, to attend much to those of others ; besides that, I think foreigners hardly ever comprehend the domestic history of the English ; which is owing, perhaps, to our manners being so different from theirs. What I clearly comprehended, however, was, that Mrs. Denzil has nothing to give her daughters ; and that they are in circumstances very far from fortunate."

' I grieve to hear it,' answered D'Alonville ; ' not because more brilliant fortune would give *me* a chance of being favourably received in the family of Mademoiselle Denzil, for to such an happiness I could not in any case pretend ; but be-
cause,

cause, if credit is to be given to the exterior indications of an amiable and ingenuous mind, there are not many young persons who deserve a happier destiny than her of whom we have been speaking." D'Alonville sighed so deeply as he concluded this sentence, that Ellefmere could not but remark it. "Is it even so?" cried he. "What! is my invulnerable friend touched at last? He on whom the graceful vivacity of France, the majestic gravity of Germany, and even the celebrated charms of English women, have hitherto made no impression?" D'Alonville turned off his raillery as well as he could; and they soon after arrived at Fernhurst, where they found the poor Captain in some concern, much more indeed than a spoiled dinner seemed to deserve from a man who was not particularly attached to the pleasures of the table. Ellefmere lamented the derangement he had been the occasion of, though he shewed by his appetite that it was not a matter of much consequence to

him. D'Alonville was dejected and silent. The face, the figure, the tones of voice of the beautiful Denzil were present to his imagination; and he seemed to have discovered that there was in the world one being for whom it was worth while to wish to live; and that England contained one object which made him wish to remain in it.

He was not however so much fascinated by this infant passion, as not to be perfectly sensible of the folly of indulging it; yet had he not so much command over himself as to refuse the opportunities of seeing Miss Denzil; which, after this first accidental meeting, Ellesmere seemed purposely to throw in his way. The next day he contrived to get his uncle to wait on Madame de Touranges; and interested him so much in her favour, and so much more in that of her daughter-in-law, that braving all the domestic storms he incurred, the old Captain became their most assiduous visitant. His farm and his garden were made to offer their best productions

tions for the table of these strangers ; and parties were made for them, first at the house of Mrs. Denzil, and afterwards at Fernhurst, where Mrs. Denzil herself, and the elder Madame de Touranges being present, malice itself could find nothing in such society to offend the most inveterate prudery. D'Alonville must have been unlike every other man of his age and country, or indeed of any other country, if, when he continually saw the object who had by this time acquired so decided a preference in his heart, he could have concealed from her that preference ; yet whenever he was alone, and ventured to examine his own conduct, he reproached himself ; for he was conscious that, situated as he was, he ought not to think of engaging the affections of an innocent girl, of whom he must soon take an everlasting adieu. Alas ! when he saw Angelina (for by that name a romantic mother had called her third daughter) he forgot all that reason and prudence suggested ; and his real disposition, which was

warm and impetuous, predominated over the artificial character that adversity and sorrow had given him. He fancied that the soft and expressive eyes of Angelina understood the language of his ; and when he spoke of his ruined fortune, of his being a wanderer and a fugitive, those charming eyes were filled with tears. Once he ventured to begin a sketch of the melancholy circumstances that had attended his father's death ; but his voice faltered as he would have described the scene at the castle of Rosenheim ; and Angelina entreated him not to go on. At this instant her mother, who had left the room a few moments before, returned, and very naturally enquired what was the occasion of the tears she saw stealing down the cheeks of her daughter. D'Alonville got up, and went to the window ; but Angelina, without hesitation, answered, " Oh ! dear mamma, the Chevalier has been telling me so many sad particulars of what happened to him before he came to England, that it breaks one's heart ! "

' I beg

‘I beg your pardon, Madam,’ said D’Alonville; ‘I was not aware how much the sensibility of Mademoiselle Angelina might be excited by the story of distresses with which, as they are without remedy, I do not generally trouble my friends. I know not, indeed, how I now came to be betrayed into the weakness of unavailing complaint.’ Mrs. Denzil seemed to hear this apology with as much interest as her daughter had attended to the story that had given occasion for it; and answered, with a pensive smile, ‘Don’t you know, Chevalier, that we always listen with patience, and even with sympathy, to the relation of sorrows, of which we have ourselves tasted? Alas! Sir, my children and I have also been wanderers and exiles. I know not whether we may not still be called so; for the victims of injustice, oppression, and fraud, we are now banished from the rank of life where fortune originally placed us; and England, with all its advantages, is not the country where such a change of fortune
is

is much softened to the sufferer. But come," continued she, in a more cheerful voice, "we are only making one another melancholy: let us find some conversation less infectious."

These parties were made every day during the first ten days of the residence of the two friends at Fernhurst: a nearer way was found, which made the distance hardly four miles from thence to North-Felbury and Besthorpe, the villages in which Mrs. Denzil's and Mr. Sanderfon's house stood; and Captain Caverly was so moved by the eloquence of one of the French ladies, or the beauty of the other (though the former he did not clearly understand, and the latter he dared not openly admire) that with him the age of chivalry, as well as the ardour of youth, seemed, indeed, to be revived. He had a post-chaise, which, that he might not pay an heavy duty for what he seldom used, he had, for some time, shut up in a wooden house, where it had remained almost forgotten: the lining had suffered from time
and

and moths ; and though there was no *bend sinister* on the pannels, to mortify the genealogic pride of the Ellefmeres or the Caverlys, yet the blended arms of those two ancient and respectable families, which had originally been blazoned on them, were nearly effaced by mould. Some difficulties had occurred as to a conveyance for Mesdames de Touranges, on the first venturing to Fernhurst. To obviate these against another time, Ellefmere undertook to inspect this long-neglected vehicle ; and, notwithstanding such strong opposition on the part of the Captain's governante as greatly hazarded the peace of the establishment, the lining was brushed out, and darned ; and the old post-chaise, drawn into the sun on a favourable morning, was, in a great measure, restored to its former consequence. Two of the handsomest and best matched cart-horses, carefully trimmed, and a smart boy in his Sunday's clothes, made, altogether, an equipage which was far from being contemptible, and greatly facilitated the benevolent and friendly endeavours

deavours of Captain Caverly to restore the languid spirits of the fair Gabrielle; who, from a state of the most melancholy depression, now began to look forward to brighter prospects: so easily do the sanguine eyes of youth turn from the rugged path of adversity, to contemplate the fair landscapes which hope displays before them.

Of the delicious infatuation of hope D'Alonville was another instance: a thousand enchanting visions now appeared to him, rather as waking dreams than as sketches with which the steady hand of reason had any thing to do. Mrs. Denzil, far from appearing to consider him as an adventurer, whom she ought to fear, or an alien, who she should for that reason despise, treated him with particular kindness; and a very few interviews with her charming daughter convinced him that he had obtained an interest in her young and innocent heart, which worlds could not tempt to relinquish; but the future happiness of Angelina was dearer to him than

than worlds; and yet he was about to sacrifice that to his own selfish and inconsiderate passion.

Yet, why selfish and inconsiderate? Was his fortune always to remain as desperate as it now appeared? Was he always to be an exile, without property, friends, or home? and was every effort against the anarchists and murderers of France to be fruitless, because one campaign had been unsuccessful? To believe so would be to mistrust the justice of Providence. If the hour *should* arrive which would restore him to his country, should he not have it in his power to place the women he loved in a situation of life superior to what, from the misfortunes of her family, she was likely to fill in her own country? This thought led to the most flattering train of ideas; and he determined to pursue and to obtain the object, without whom he was convinced his being restored to his country, and enjoying there the most unclouded prosperity, would not make him happy. At length

length he had dressed up a set of future possibilities in colours so bewitching, and, by the sophistry of love, had so far subdued every objection to their being arranged as his ardent imagination had placed them, that he ventured, when Ellesmere touched himself on the subject of his evident attachment, to mention his plan of seriously making proposals to Mrs. Denzil. Far from repressing such a project with the cold phlegm of a sober-blooded Englishman, Ellesmere not only encouraged him in it, but offered him every service in his power towards its success; and it was determined that, as D'Alonville had already secured the approbation of the daughter, he should take the first opportunity of declaring himself to the mother, from whom every observation he had lately made, persuaded him he had very little reason to apprehend a repulse. This determination was taken after a most delightful day, passed in such society as is not often met with. Madame de Touranges was hardly ever so agree-

agreeable. Her daughter, always interesting, was now almost cheerful; and Mrs. Denzil, on a small but excellent piano forte, with an organ-stop, had been playing some simple airs, while her daughters sung, till Ellefmere, who was passionately fond of music, declared that he was in danger of being as much in love with Olivia, the second sister, as D'Alonville already was with the third: A declaration which was answered by D'Alonville, in reminding him of his prepossession for the fair Polonese; towards whom he laughingly accused him of infidelity. Ellefmere answered by declaring, that he had never yet seen a woman whom he liked so well as he did Alexina: at which D'Alonville, who did not believe him serious, and thought it almost impossible he should ever see her again, only laughed. They then went on to plan another party, which should be as agreeable as that they had just left; and they met the next morning with the expectation of realizing this project, when a packet of letters

letters, brought by a servant whom Sir Maynard had sent over on purpose, put an end to it. Ellesmere found it necessary to return to Eddisbury immediately; and D'Alonville, though with an heavy heart, took leave of his generous host, and of the neighbourhood, which was become so interesting; and though they both promised themselves they should find an opportunity of revisiting Fernhurst in a few days, they returned with almost equal reluctance to the dull round of long stories from Sir Maynard, and insipid anecdotes from Lady Ellesmere, with the formal and tedious dinners and solemn suppers that awaited them at Eddisbury.

CHAP. XI.

Can "cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
"Leaving the poor no remedy but tears?"

COWPER.

AS Mrs. Denzil and her family will frequently appear in the subsequent part of this history, a sketch of some of them may not be unnecessary; and this may, perhaps, best be given in a letter of her own, in answer to one she had received from a friend, who remonstrated with her on the restless temper she had lately evinced, which had induced her more than once to change her residence: a circumstance that occasioned her prudent correspondent to represent to her the expence of frequent removals, and to interlard her friendly sermon with many proverbs of great authority; at the head of which appeared that excellent axiom, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss." Her answer to which, and to much other

stationary

Stationary wisdom, was in the following terms:

“ There is always, my dear *****, so much real friendship in your severity: you mean so perfectly well, that with you I shall, without scruple, enter into a defence of those parts of my conduct which you seem to disapprove; and let this be a testimony of my real affection for you; for to the greater part of those who still do me the honour to call themselves my friends, I am content to let my conduct justify itself, conscious of the rectitude of my intentions, and certain that nothing is so difficult, even to minds the most liberal and the most enlightened, as to judge of the actions of another, when the motives of those actions cannot be known.

You think I do wrong in again proposing to move, when you imagine me so pleasantly, and, as you express it, so *snugly* situated in this house, fitted up for an own uncle* of Lord Aberdore. Very
certainly

* Left any part of the sketches given of Mrs. Denzil's history should be supposed too strongly to resemble my own, I
beg

certainly, an house fitted up for the *own* uncle of a lord, must be a great acquisition to me, who am not one of those poets who have a house ; and who ought to be glad of so great an advantage as being admitted to live, as you observe, “rent-free” in a mansion, which I do verily believe would bring in my childrens noble kinsman five, or, for aught I know, six-and-twenty whole pounds a year ; which, to a man who possesses about twenty thousand annually of his own, and about *seven* in places, I allow to be a very considerable object.

But are you, my dear *****, who, fortunately for you, have seen very little of such people as those I am connected with ; are you aware, that there are more ways than one of paying for such advantages ? Alas ! it is almost a pity to give you, who have so much philanthropy, a true idea of men as they are, especially

beg this circumstance, so totally different, may be adverted to : Not one of my childrens relations ever lent them an house ; though some of them have contributed all in their power to take from them the house we possess of our own.

of

of those whom we call *great men*; and whom you consider, I know, to be *in deed* what they ought to be, from the superiority of their education, as well as their greater power of benefitting mankind.

But now, as a matter of self-defence, I must tell you, that there are not only two ways of doing a favour, but that one of those ways entirely annihilates the obligation, while the other doubles it.

Now, my good Lord of Aberdore knows only the first of these methods; and he has contrived to accommodate me by his house here, with so much parade of the obligation I owe him, to clog it with so many ceremonies, and to tell so often to all his satellites, how very good he has been to “poor Mrs. Denzil and her family,” that I, who have had all this repeated to me; who have found, since I inhabited the house, many conditions annexed to it, which I never dreamt of when I was induced to enter it; and who am neither dazzled by his nobility, nor feel myself degraded by my own poverty, have

have at times had a very great inclination to return his house to the old man and woman who inhabited it heretofore, and with *une reverence tres profonde* for all past favours, to pack up my children and my books, in which consist all my riches, and, like a female Prospero, set forth for some desert island, or any island but this dear England of ours, which I acknowledge, however, to be the very best of all possible countries, for a thousand things. There is no such place in the world for fat beeves and rich pastures, fine horses, fine meadows for them to graze in, fine women, fine houses for them to live in, and convenient furniture ; fine servants in fine liveries, and fine carriages for them to ride behind, and fine public spectacles to shew them at ; fine places for those who have great talents, and admirable fine-cures for others who have only great interest ; excellent laws to defend the property of those who can pay for being so defended ; a brave army, and the first navy in the world. Of all these excellencies

lencies there is no manner of doubt, together with many others, “too numerous to mention ;” nor am I disposed to point out, as our favourite poet * does, on another occasion,

————— “a spot or two,
“Which so much beauty would do well to purge.”

On the contrary, I will praise the disinterested characters of our statesmen, the self-denial and humility of our divines, the integrity and dispatch of our men of law, more particularly those thrice worthy members of it, yclept *attornies* by the vulgar, but by themselves called *solicitors*. See now if you can with reason accuse me of insensibility towards the many great blessings we enjoy ! so far from it, that the consciousness alone of those blessings (together with some other trifling reasons) compels me to stay in

“This land, that from her pushes all the rest !”

and, among others, there is one very cogent one, viz. That I have lost in it every

* Cowper.

thing *but my head*; and should I now venture out of it, I think I should be in some hazard of being deprived of that also, my sole remaining possession; with which, *grace a Dieu*, I have been enabled to supply the want of those, which the very worthy and honest relations of my children have taken from me; and have verified (at the expence indeed of my health, and sometimes of my temper) the truth of that excellent adage, that

“Learning is better than house or land.

“When house and land is gone and spent,

“Then learning”—————

or, as my housemaid's edition reads,

“*Larning* is most excellent.”

Now, as this commodity in the way I possess it would not be marketable in any other country (even if my head remained on) you see, my dear friend, that while I must live by it; that is, while the worthies above named choose to keep me and my children entirely out of the property that belongs to us, I must remain in England,

notwithstanding all my rattle about my voyages. Thus circumscribed

* "To one small island, and but half an age,"

do not wonder if I want to move about in my prison, and have a horror of being planted here, like a cabbage, to grow white-headed and hard-hearted. You, who are one of very few people who shrink not from the couch of pain and sickness when friendship or duty calls upon you to attend it, have seen how uneasy is the sufferer who seeks rest but finds none: every part of his bed is tried, and all are alike strewn with thorns. Allow something like this to accompany a mind ill at ease, a mind overwhelmed with present troubles, and future dread for the fate of my children. Driven from my home twelve years since, with a large family, wandering without any fixed plan, was long a matter of necessity; and may now, for aught I know, be grown into habit, and be a fault of temper.

* Pope.

Be

Be it so ; I do not pretend to be without faults ; and as a poet, I might plead imprudence by prescription. Alas ! dear *****, how little can the generality of the prosperous world judge of a situation so unlike their own ! Many of my *ci-devant* friends, for many I have dropped by the way (I beg pardon, they have dropped me) were born to the same prospects of easy competence as I was ; and their subsequent destiny (ah ! how unlike mine) has *not* belied the early promise of affluence. These ladies have always had a father, an husband, or a brother, to order all their pecuniary concerns. The morning arose only to awaken them to some pleasureable party abroad, or some chosen amusement at home : their winters have passed, and, for aught I know, pass still while they are in London, in shopping or visiting in a morning ; or by such as are literary, or are told they ought to be so, in examining new pamphlets, peeping into reviews to form their opinions, listening to that of “ Dear Mr.

Such-a-one, the most charming man in the world, who writes sweet verses himself ;” in entering some *delightful* lines into a book, or following a celebrated preacher, or attending philosophical lectures. Others, of less mental accomplishments, frequent auctions or exhibitions, or drive into the Park, or walk in Kensington Gardens. The former set (the literary ladies) return to dress for a late dinner, then go to some conversation, where there is

“The feast of reason, and the flow of soul ;”

or by their interest with some favourite actresses, they get places when others are refused, and from their severer studies unbend at a celebrated performance. The less enlightened, the beauties, or rather those who insist upon being still noticed as such, dress with more eclat, though not with more care. They dash at new fashions to leave the *vulgars and ruffs* at an immeasurable distance ; dine at eight o’clock ; go to the opera ; sit up half the night at deep play ; talk loud about it the next day as they stop in
Bond-

Bond-street, to some idle man who affects fashion. If they happen to be women whose connexions were originally in the city, they take care to talk a great deal to and of lords and ladies, Sir John and Sir Frederick ; and to exceed in their follies and their expences these new acquaintances. Such are the lives persons lead, who “are very sorry for poor Mrs. Denzil ; but cannot help saying they think her quite wrong in many things. To be sure, she has some talents, but nothing so extraordinary ; and if she had, it is a thousand pities to use them in attacking the people of consequence, who really wished her well ! and then, to have any opinion of politics is so extremely wrong ! There can be but one opinion on those things among ‘ les gens comme il faut :’ why then offend them by differing from them, when *they* only can be of use in promoting the interest of her large family ?” Such are the charitable comments on the conduct of “ poor Mrs. Denzil,”

who leaves her bed in a morning, when her health permits, to go to her desk; from whence she rises only to sit down to a dinner she cannot eat, waited upon by an awkward boy, or a strapping country-girl, who stare at madam “bin as how she writes all them there books that be on the shelf.” From this delectable repast, during which the authorefs

“Chews the food of sweet and bitter fancy,”

rather than any thing else, she is not unfrequently called on by an honest gentleman, in a brown rough great coat, corderoy breeches, boots, and green boot-garters, his hair curling naturally in his poll, to the great advantage of his shining face; who, with that sort of half bow which a substantial tradesman sometimes makes, as much as to say, “Humph! for all you are a lady, I know you are poor and in debt;” pulls out a little square wafered letter, of which the contents peradventure run thus:

Mrs.

“ Mrs. DENZIL.

“ Madam,

“ My neighbour, Mr. Thomas Tough, coming your way, I have desired him to call, to receive of you the sum of sixty-two pounds nine shillings and eleven pence, due as per bill delivered for your young gentlemen; I having sent up the same, as desired, to Messieurs Ramsay and Shrimpshire, who answer they have no effects in hand for discharge of ditto: wherefore hope you will please immediately to pay the same to bearer, whose receipt will be sufficient for,

Madam,

Your humble servant,

HUMPHRY HOTGOOSE.

“ N. B. Madam, I hope you'll not fail herein, as I have a great sum to make up

next Wednesday, and hope you'll give me no further trouble ; but if should, must put it into a lawyer's hands."

From the tete-a-tete with Mr. Thomas Tough, she goes to her desk again, and begins to write

" With what appetite she may,"

in the forlorn hope of procuring from her bookseller part of the money she has been compelled to promise to the said Thomas's peremptory demands, on behalf of Mr. Humphrey Hotgoose. Precious recipe to animate the imagination and exalt the fancy !

The evening comes, however, and finds her so employed. After a conference with Mr. Tough, she must write a tender dialogue between some damsel, whose perfections are even greater than those

" Which youthful poets fancy when they love,"

and her hero ; who, to the bravery and talents

lents of Cæsar, adds the gentleness of Sir Charles Grandison, and the wit of Lovelace. But Mr. Tough's conversation, his rude threats, and his boisterous remonstrances, have totally sunk her spirits; nor are they elevated by hearing that the small beer is almost out; that the pigs of a rich farmer, her next neighbour, have broke into the garden, rooted up the whole crop of pease, and not left her a single hyacinth or jonquil. She knows remonstrance to be vain; or if it were not, that farmer Duckbury cannot restore her bed of sweet flowers, on which she depended for the amusement of a few solitary moments in the spring. Melancholy and dejected, she recollects that once she had a walled garden, well provided with flowers; and the comforts and pleasures of affluence recur forcibly to her mind. She is diverted from such reflections, however, by hearing from her maid, as she is assisting her to undress, That John Gubbins's children, over the way, and his wife, and John his-self, have all got the

scarlot favor ; and that one of the children is dead on't, and another like to die. She is ashamed of the concern she felt a few moments before for a nosegay, when creatures of the same species, and so near her, are suffering under calamities infinitely more severe. She enquires what attendance these poor people have had ; and finds that farmer Duckbury has sent the doctor (hired by the parish to attend the poor at so much a head) and that he says the favor's very catching, and he's afeard to go nist um. Compassion for these unhappy persons is now mingled with apprehensions for her own family. A malignant fever raging in a dirty cottage, not an hundred yards from her door, gives her but an unpleasing impression to carry to her pillow ; where

“ The churlish chiding of the winter's wind ”

does not lull her agitated mind to repose. Sleep flies from her eyes ; or if it visits her a moment, the figure of that animal,

“ Hateful to gods and men, ”

a Dun,

a Dun, appears before her disturbed imagination; or she sees her sick neighbours expiring around her. With the earliest dawn she sends her servant (her nose well stopped with rue) to enquire at their door how they are. The scene of exquisite misery, even as described by the unadorned account of her maid Betty, excites her commiseration. She buys her wine by the dozen, not having been, for a long time, rich enough to purchase a pipe, and she sends a man and horse ten miles to fetch it; but all she has in the house is now sent to supply the pressing occasions of John Gubbins and his family, for whom she knows it will do more than medicine, especially such as is sent in to be paid for by farmer Ducksbury, as overseer, at so much a head. The rest of the day is passed as before; her hero and her heroine are parted in agonies, or meet in delight, and she is employed in making the most of either; with interludes of the Gubbins's family, and precautions against importing the infectious distemper into her

OWN.

own. The farmer arrives towards evening, who had been to the market-town, and had undertaken to bring her letters. He delivers her two ; of which the contents are probably as follows :

“No. 4, Thaives-Inn, Feb. 28, 17

“Madam,

“The trustees have received yours of the 9th past. I hereby acquaint you, from them, that they will not, for the future, correspond with you, or answer any questions you may ask. They are surpris'd at the abuse you throw upon them about Mr. Prettythief, their agent. You have already been informed that the trustees have written to him, to know what he has done with the 650l. &c. and for his accounts, so long ago as five months. Have no doubt, as he is a very honest man, that he will give, in due time, a true account thereof. Mean time, as for money for your childrens support, the gentlemen have none in hand ; but if they
had,

had, it would make no difference, they being determined not to pay a farthing without an order from Chancery.

I am, Madam,

For Mess. Ramfay and Shrimpshire,

Your humble servant,

ANTHONY LAMBSKIN."

LETTER II.

" Madam,

" Am much surpris'd at your not sending up, as promised, the end of the third volume of the new novel purchased by me. The trade expects it at the time I notified to them that it would be ready; and the printer informs me he shall stand still if not supplied immediately. Must insist on having a hundred pages at least by Saturday night; also the Odd to
Liberty,

Liberty, mentioned by you as a cloſe to the ſame : but I ſhall change the title of that, having promiſ'd the trade that there ſhall be no liberty at all in the preſent work ; without which aſſurance they would not have delt for the ſame. Hopin to receive the manuſcrip (as you have had money thereon) at the time before-named, remain,

Madam,

JOSEPH CLAPPER.

“ 194, Holborn,

Feb. 22, 17 .”

Such, my dear * * * *, are the delights that her exiſtence now affords to Mrs. Denzil, mingled and varied with others, of which ſhe will forbear to give a deſcription, becauſe you are not ignorant of ſome, and others would only give you pain.

But to ceaſe ſpeaking in the ſecond perſon ; Do not *you*, my friend, add *your* cenſure

censure to that of the unfeeling triflers I have before described, and to many others whom I *could* describe. Do not add your censure, if I find it always impossible to submit, without murmuring, to so dreary a fate ; and let others, if they can a moment divest themselves of selfish prejudice, ask their own hearts Whether *they* could acquit themselves better in circumstances like mine than I have done ?

All, however, I could have borne, because I *must* ; because I endured it for my children, and perhaps because I felt a degree of self-approbation in stemming a tide of adversity under which the generality of women would have funk. All this I could have endured with less disposition to murmur, did I not see, as I proceed in this rugged way, that those who now and then threw a flower before me, drop off as I go along : Some, from the mere weakness and caprice of human nature ; others, because I will not consent to consider it as proper to give up my understanding to their disposal ; and some, alas !
by

by death. You know how tenderly I was attached to one friend, thus torn from me ; and if you love my attempts in poetry, as well as you once did, though perhaps those attempts are not what they were once, you may possibly have a melancholy satisfaction in reading the lines that occurred to me a few evenings since, as I was wandering alone, watching the rising of the moon above the plantation on the hilly common behind the house here, and recollected that it was twelve months since I lost the friend who supplied to me the many relations and connexions that calamity has robbed me of ; some by distance, and some by that estrangement which policy imposes on the sage and the prudent.

Like

Like a poor ghost, the night I seek ;
Its hollow winds repeat my sighs ;
The cold dews mingle on my cheek
With tears that wander from mine eyes.

The thorns that still my couch molest,
Have robb'd those heavy eyes of sleep ;
But long depriv'd of tranquil rest,
I here at least am free to weep.

Twelve times the moon, that rises red
O'er yon tall wood of shadowy pine,
Has fill'd her orb, since low was laid
My Harriet, that sweet form of thine !

While each sad month, as slow it pass'd,
Brought some new sorrow to deplore ;
Some grief more poignant than the last,
—But thou canst calm those griefs no more.

No more thy friendship soothes to rest
This weary'd spirit, tempest tost ;
The cares that weigh upon my breast
Are doubly felt, since thou art lost !

Bright

Bright visions of ideal grace
 That the young poet's dreams inflame,
 Were not more lovely than thy face ;
 Were not more perfect than thy frame.

Wit, that no suff'rings could impair,
 Was thine ; and thine those mental pow'rs
 Of force, to chace the fiends that tear
 From Fancy's hand her budding flow'rs.

O'er what, my angel friend, thou wert,
 Dejected mem'ry loves to mourn ;
 Regretting still thy tender heart,
 Now withering in a distant urn !

But ere that wood of shadowy pine
 Twelve times shall yon full orb behold,
 The sick'ning heart, that bleeds for thine,
 My Harriet ! may, like thine, be cold !

And this is, in my opinion, my dear
 *****, “a consummation devoutly to be
 wish'd.” Yet when I look at my chil-
 dren, particularly my girls and my little
 boy,

boy, I blush at my cowardice, and resolve that I will not even *wish* to desert my post, terribly untenable as it frequently appears.

But what amends can be made me by the men who, under pretence of serving, have undone us? If there is justice either on earth or in Heaven, they will have a dreadful account to answer to both. In the mean time, notwithstanding your exhortations to moderation, I shall endeavour to shew what they are to a world who is already but little disposed to think well of them: And *you* will see it really may happen in this very happy land, that men who are rich may commit, with impunity, crimes infinitely more unpardonable, because they are committed with less temptation, than those for which “little villains” suffer every day; crimes which involve in their consequences the most fatal events. I dare not trust myself longer on this subject, for my temper and health suffer from it.

Farewell,

Farewell, my dear ***** : while I exist,
I must, however or wherever situated, re-
main your most faithful and affectionate
servant,

CHARLOTTE DENZIL.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Smith, Charlotte

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